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4.6. 565 Mayne (J.) Amorous Warre, fi 583 M

565

THE AMOROVS WARRE.

A Tragi-Comœdy.

by Mayne

Ovid Lib: 1. Amor:

Militat omnis Amans; Et habet sua Castra Cupido.

1409 c. 1. f. 2

Printed in the Yeare 1648.

The PERSONS.

Archidamus.	*King of Bithynia.*
Barsene.	*His sister.*
Lyncestes, Polydamas	*Two old Lords.*
Theagines, Meleager.	*Two young Lords, their sons.*
Orythia.	*Wife to Theagenes.*
Thalæstris.	*Wife to Meleager.*
Menalippe, Marthesia	*Their women.*
Callias, Neander, Artops.	*Three young Courtiers.*
Eurymedon.	*King of Thrace.*
Roxane.	*His sister.*
Clytus, Hippocles, Macrinus, Laeero, Serpix.	*Two of his Lords.* / *Three common soldiers.*
Pistoclerus.	*A Newes spreader.*
Two men, *Two women*	*Cittizens.*
Two Priests.	
A Drummer.	

The Scœne,

BITHYNIA.

THE AMOROVS WARRE. A Tragi-Comoedy.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

After a Warlike sound of Drummes and Trumpets within; Enter

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. HEre's a sweet change of *Times*; I, who had wont
To have my boy sing me asleep between
My Mistresse Armes, and charme mee every Night
Into a soft *Elysium* with his voyce.
Have beene this weeke kept waking with this *Musick:*
If this hold foure dayes more, I shall be fit,
Like *Blackbirds*, to be whistled to, and taught,
Out of meere rameneſſe, to learne *Tunes*. *Neand:* I doe
Observe a certaine kind of *Copulation*
Twixt *sound* and *sound*. This *noyse* hath *sexes* in it.
The *Drummers*, and the *Trumpetters*, and *Fifes*,
Make the *Male noyse* o'th Streets; The *Womens* cries,
Loud shriekes, & howlings, make the *Female*. Between them
A strange, ambiguous, confus'd roare's begot,
Much like the *fall* of *Nilus*, where the waters
Make All that dwell neare deafe. *Art.* My lodging stands
I'th' *Middle Region*, Gentlemen; I lye
Every Night in a *Storme*, and every Morning
Do rise in perfect *Thunder*; Then my sleeps
Are but my dayes feares; which do walke; and then

Preſent themſelves in *Viſions*. Two Armies uſually
Joyne Battle in my *Dreames*; where I behold
Thine, His, My Braines knockt out. And when I wake,
Wonder to find my ſelfe with all my Limbs;
Feele for my other Legge; ſuſpect my eyes
When they informe me I have both my Armes.
Neand: I've ſlept but twice e're ſince the newes came that
Eurymedon was landed; And then I had
The ſtrangeſt Dreames too. My Man found mee ſcaling
My Curtaines for a Fort; Killing my Pillow;
And entring Duel with my Breeches. Laſt night
Me thought wee Three (pray Heaven avert the Omen)
Were ſhut up here ith' City, and beſieg'd (thought
By th' Hangings of my Chamber. *Call:* How? *Neand:* Me
The *Trojan* faces were all turn'd to *Thracians*.
And in this Siege, I dream't, that You, and Hee,
Forc'd by the Famine, were reſolv'd to be
My *Cannibals* and eat mee. *Art:* I doe feele
One of my Surloynes going. *Call:* Well, what followed?
Neand: At laſt you caſt Dice on my Body, which
Part ſhould be eaten firſt; And after all
Concluded on my Head, and Purtenance. (men,
Call: Theſe are the fruites of Theevery; Thus 'tis Gentle-
When Kings can't Love the common way, but muſt
Needs couple without Friends conſent, and draw
A Hue and Crye of fourty thouſand after 'em.
Neand: True, *Callias*; I doe maintaine, that Armies
Plundering of Townes, and raviſhing of Virgins,
As naturally follow a good Face
Stolne, as this was, as Aches doe your Wenching.
Or as your Taylor, *Artops*, followes you
With an old Bill unclear'd. *Art:* There ſurely is
An unknowne pleaſure in all Matrimony
Which carries danger with it. Elſe, why ſhould Men
So itch to ſteale their Wives? Our Neighbour *Troy*
Is, Gentlemen, a ſad example. If
This prove a *Smocke-Warre* of ſome ten yeares long;
Or if *Roxane* be the *Comet*, and

The

The burning of *Bithynia* the bright *blaze*
Which shee drawes after her, wee cannot helpe it.
How stand you two affected to the Warre?
Call: Troth, I should like the Campe well, if the Fields
Did bring forth Featherbeds; Or if the Streames,
Like those oth' *Golden age*, did run pure Wine.
Or if Court Meales would every twelve, and seven,
Observe due howres. But, Gentlemen, to lye
Halfe starv'd, with cold, ith' Aire on scarce fresh Greensword;
Just to match earth to earth; And then to live
The Life of Nature; or, as some doe call it,
The life oth' Hardy; Quench my thirst at the
Next Spring, or Fountaine; Coffin up my selfe
Each night in Turfe; and thence come forth like one
Of *Cadmus* Souldiers, sowne of *Serpents Teeth*,
And start forth armed from a furrow, is
A course, I feare, I shall leave to the valiant. (troope on,
Nean: And then the dangers. *Art*: True. *Nean*: Here comes a
And you in honour can't but loose an eye.
An Engine there goes off, and you will show
Your selfe a Coward unlesse you loose an Arme.
Here y'are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring
More then one shoulder off. Gentlemen, Consider
What a Discredit 'tis to have a Nose
After a Battle; Or to walke the Streets
On your owne legs. *Art*: I feele my selfe, already,
Partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood.
Methinkes I twing betweene two Crutches, like
One hang'd in Chaines, and tost by th' Winde; I looke
Within this weeke, to bee but halfe the Thing
You see me Now; The rest lopt off; And I
Slic'd into Reputation. *Call*: I doe perceive
Your discreet Disaffection to the Warre.
Neand: 'Tis but a wise care of our safety; Nature
Bids us preserve our selves. *Art*: But how, *Neander*,
How, without losse of fame, can we avoid
To accompany the King? *Neand*: Why, breifly thus.
The *King* intends to send the *Princesses*

Over to the *Iſland* as the ſafer place.
And will aſſigne a thouſand for their Guard.
Let's get our ſelves enroll'd ith' Number; ſo,
Beſides ſecurity, wee ſhall enjoy
The Company o'th Ladies. *Art*: Right; And in
The abſence of their Lords. *Call*: Peace, here they come.

SCÆNA II.

To them Archidamus, Roxane, Barſene, Orithya, Thalaſtris, Polydamas, Lynceſtes, Theagines, Meleager.

Arch: You ſee your Nuptials, *Bright Roxane*, and
What choyce y'have made. I thought to have brought you to
A *Court* and *Palace*, where your entertainement
Would have beene only Songs of Virgins; Poſts
Crown'd and adorn'd with Gyrlands; Sacrifices
Striving to make our Streets but one perfume;
And taking from our ſight our Temples, with
The numerous Clouds of Incenſe which they ſcatter,
And ſend forth from their breathing Altars; And
No other ſounds heard but my peoples ſhouts,
And acclamations for your wiſht arrivall.
But you perceive y'are landed in a *Campe*;
And your firſt ſtep upon the ſhore proves to you
A moſt unnaturall Seige. If for a *Brother*
Thus to purſue a *Siſter* be unnaturall.

Roxan: Had you had his Conſent, Sir, and no ſtorme
Follow'd your tranſportation of me from
His Court to yours, but had you, undiſturbed,
Untroubled, in the progreſſe of your Love,
Proceeded to the *Temple*, There joyn'd hands,
And matcht the common way of Princes where
All that's requir'd to make the wedding Day
Solemne, are Tapers, Banquets, Revels, Muſicke,
'T had beene a Dreame, no Marriage; our ſoft Ioyes
Would have loſt both their edge and appetite.
That which you call unnaturall in my Brother,

I looke

I looke on as a favour; Thanke him for
The Argument he lends mee to expresse
How much more Deare your Dangers make you to mee.
Beleeve mee, Great *Archydamus*, the fire
You kindled in my heart, when in those still,
Quiet, silent nights you first did wooe mee, was
But a weake Sparke, compar'd to the large Flame
Which this Warre kindles in mee. I behold
Now a new amiableness in You; And
Looke on you through this Tempest, which is rays'd
For my sake, as one made more Lovely to mee.
And with the same content doe take delight
To mingle Sufferings, as Nuptials with you.
Nor should I thinke my selfe your Queene, unless
With the same equall Minde, I could goe halfe
In perils, as in Kingdomes with you. *Arch*: Still
You doe speake like your selfe, *Roxane*, Still
Breath words, which sweeten Dangers, and provoke mee
To court them in their worst and dreadfull'st shape;
As things, without which, I should want fit Matter
To merit by, or some way make my selfe
Worthy of her for whom I undertake them.
Nor will I doubt of victory, where I
Have such a brave *Inspirer*. Had I beene
Borne cold, or sent into the World a Coward,
Such a faire second, such a beauteous Cause,
Would strike a valiant Heat into me; And
Were my Sea cover'd with as many Shippes,
As anchor'd before *Troy*; or should an Army,
As vast, and numerous as his, who dranke
Up *Rivers* in his passage, and join'd *Europe*
To *Asia* with his fleet invade mee, I
Assisted with your Vertues, should not doubt § *Enter Eurim.*
But to return with Conquest. Who are these? § *Clit. Hipp.*

Lyncest Th' Embassadours sent from the Prince of *Thrace*,
To demand restitution of their *Princesse*.

Ar: Admit 'em to our presence. *Pol:* The King expects you.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA III.

To them Eurymedon, disguis'd like an Embassadour, Clytus, Hyppocles.

Archid: We are now prepar'd to heare your Embassy;
Your Prince's pleasure? *Clyt:* By us, *Archidamus*,
With all the freedome which an injur'd Prince
Can use towards Him that wrong'd Him, He lets you know,
That 'tis no thirst, or covetous Ambition,
T'enlarge his Territories, or to seeke conquest there,
Where 'tis as easie for him to o'rcome
Almost as say so, which hath provok't him
Thus to invade your Kingdome; But a just sense,
And apprehension of the blot, and staine,
Which Annals and posterity (Besides
The scorne oth' present Age) must sticke upon
His sluggish memory, if He coldly should
Sleepe o're his Infamy; or let you breake
The Lawes of Hotpitality; and abuse
His Court, in carrying away a *prize*
More deare to him then his Kingdome, unrevenged.
For though you may pretend Love for your boldnesse,
Or say the *Princesse* was an *Actor* in
Her Amorous stealth, (which yet Hee much suspects,
And she must blush t'acknwoledge) He saies, Herein
You doe but guild your Crime; For what you call
Affection Hee cals *Rape*; And saies, Hee hopes,
You'l pardon Him, if Hee doe looke upon You,
Not as a *Guest*, but *Robber*; One that came not
To fetch a *Queene*, but to transport a *prey*. (Hee
Archid: Is this all? *Eurym:* He addes farther, that though
Confesse Himselfe inferiour to the loud
Fame of your *Sisters* Beauty; To which nought
Can be a Match but her owne vertues; yet,
When Hee lookes on the Story of his Ancestours,
From which Hee thinkes Hee hath not yet degenerated;

When

When hee considers (without boasting) that
He's borne to a Kingdome, to which yours hath beene
(Be't spoke without contempt) a *Tributary*;
But chiefly, when he searcheth his owne mind,
And findes nought Hostile there; but a pure fire,
Kindled from the report of the admir'd,
Inflaming, rayes, diffus'd from her bright eyes,
He thinkes you trespasse against love, Sir, to
Obey an angry, conquer'd, old mans Will,
Made in the passion of his Overthrow,
Although your Father, and to refuse a suite
More noble, and open, then your owne; And whil'st
Y'are pious, shew your selfe revengefull too.

Hippoc: Briefly Sir, therefore whither it were force,
Or Combination, (For which to call it
He saies he knowes not) unlesse you will restore
His Sister, or repaire him with your *owne*,
He saies, he is resolv'd, either to fall
A willing sacrifice to his wrong'd Honour,
Or build his unglad satisfaction on
The Ruines of your Country. And to this
He doth require your Answer. *Archid*: Were *Roxane*
A *Hellen*, (as she's not in ought I know
But her great Beauty) Or were I a *Paris*;
(Who finde my selfe none but ith' numerous fleet
Brought after me) Had I beene entertain'd
A Prince, by a Prince, Sir, at your Masters Court,
And, in his absence, had first loosely tempted
To my unlawfull bed, then stolne his Wife;
I do confesse 'twere just for him to cite
The breach of Hospitality, and t'invoke
The Gods of Weddings, and Marriages against me.
And I, till I restor'd th' unlawfull prey,
Should looke upon my selfe, not as a *Guest*,
But *Ravisher*. But if I came a Suitor,
And brought a flame as pure, as holy, as
That which burnes on his *Altars*; If the *Princesse*,
Her owne free Empresse did vouchsafe to meet

Mine with the like pure, amorous, equall fire:
If I have ſince preſerv'd her honour; kept
Her white, and ſpotleſſe as a *Veſtall*; ſtill
Approach't her preſence with the ſame religion
As I would places conſecrate, or Temples,
Whil'ſt thus Hee doe's purſue my harmleſſe Love,
With Words farre more injurious then his Armies,
With the like freedome You may tell Him, I'me
The injur'd Prince. And though I grant his Father
Once conquer'd mine, and wee paid Tribute, (which
Hee does not nobly to upbrayd) It may be
My turne to conquer next. Nor is the Bay
Planted ſo firmely on his head, but that
A good cauſe may remove it, and mak't mine.
As for our cloſe departure from his Court,
Which he brands with the ſtile of *Rape* and *Theft*,
You muſt aſſiſt me, Madam; was I your pyrate,
Or Servant? Did I lead you away Captive,
Or conſpire with you? *Rox:* Sir, 'twere one wrong more
Offer'd to your Vertues, And I ſhould tranſgreſſe
Againſt my cleare Affections, not to ſay,
The Plot was halfe mine, you did reveal your thoughts,
With ſo much generous heate, ſo worthy of mee,
That I had noe way left t'expreſſe my ſelfe
As generous too, but to mix flame with flame;
And to requite you with this poore returne,
To make your Country mine; And there to thinke
My ſelfe a Princeſſe onely, where I might
Call you my Prince. *Arch:* Then, for my Siſter,
I am no Tyrant like your Maſter, Sir,
To claime a ſway o're her Affections; Nor
Doe count her Will ith' number of my Subjects:
She has free Liberty to make her choice;
And can beſt anſwer you. Onely ſhee will,
I hope remember, if there be a reverence
Due to the words of dying Parents; Or if
The laſt, ſhort, breath were ſacred, which bequeath'd her
To th' Prince of *Theſſaly*, ſhe can't conſent

Unto

Unto your Masters Suite, and not disturbe
Her Fathers *Shade*, to call him from his *Urne*,
To be a greiv'd Spectatour of her Nuptials.
Barsen. Besides Sir, as a stranger to a stranger,
Pray beare a *Princesse* message to your *Prince*.
Tell Him He comes not nobly, thus t'invade
Her whom he loves; or strive to make Her His
By a fore't Conquest. He's the first I've read of
Who Woo'd a Lady with an Army by;
Or put a ponyard to his Mistrisse breast,
And then desir'd t'appeare gratious.
Wee looke for softer Courtships; Humble prayers;
Sighes which confesse the Breather is our Captive.
I have no Beauty to entice him to
Lay downe his forces. But if he come unarm'd,
In Person, (For I doe not like *State Love*,
Or to be woo'd by an *Embassadour*,)
If He bring with Him noble purposes,
Such as my *Brothers* were, tell him, perhaps,
I shall as nobly heare him. Meane time, his *Sister*,
And I expect some penance from him, for
Thus Troubling of our Peace. *Eur:* Doe you enjoyne
The Chaine, or Fetters, 'twil be his glory Madam,
To weare them as your prisoner,

Exeunt { *Eurym.* / *Clit. Hyp.*

SCÆNA IV.

Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Polydamas, Lyncestes, Theagines, Meleager, Orithya, Thalestris.

Archid:——Have you prepar'd
The Ships, *Lyncestes*, to convey the *Ladies*
Over to th' *Island? Lync:* They are ready Sir,
And only doe expect their beauteous fraught.
The *Ladies* Sir, will looke like *Goddesses*

Borne of the Sea. *Archid:* And have you made, *Polydamas*;
The *Caſtle* fit to entertaine them? *Polyd:* Sir,
The *Ladies* lock't up in a *Braſen Tower*
Were not more ſafe? 'Tis now a place where pleaſure
Dwels joyn'd with Strength. It onely wants their preſence,
To be a *Fort* without, within a *Pallace*.
Arch: You are turn'd young againe, My Lords; you ſpeake
So amorouſly I do begin to doubt
Whether you may be truſted with a charge
So dangerouſly inflaming. *Polyd:* Sir, our ſonnes
Can promiſe for us, we intend no ſieges
Againſt their Beauties, in your abſence; All
Our Batteries to good faces were long ſince
Spent on their mothers. *Arch:* Wee dare venture you.
Your ſonnes, *Theagines* and *Meleager*,
Shall goe with us to th'Feild. *Rox:* And will you then,
Deprive mee of the Glory Sir, of being
A ſharer in your dangers? I endur'd
The Sea with you; Why ſhould you thinke I am
More timerous to endure the Land? *Arch:* Becauſe
The Land's now more tempeſtuous then the Sea.
For that ſmiled on your paſſage; And the Waves,
As if they had teemed with a ſecond *Venus*,
Or underſtood the ſweetneſſe of their burden,
Grew calme, ſerene, and *Halcyon*. But here
You will expoſe your ſelfe to Night Alarmes,
Day Battles; and runne hazards where the blinde
Sword can't diſtinguiſh 'twixt the faire and foule;
See men act Wolves parts, and behold a ſpectacle,
Not fit for your ſoft Sex, Men ſalne, and dying,
Striving to kill their killers and depart
With mutuall ſlaughter. *Rox:* What difference is there
Betwixt the eye, and fancy, but onely this
That dangers to the Abſent ſtill ſhew greater?
When I make theſe deſcriptions to my ſelfe,
And thinke you in the midſt, though no Spectatour,
I ſhall as truely ſuffer. My owne Thoughts
Of you will paſſe for Battles; And my feares,

Where

Where e're you place mee, will be fights and sieges.
You could not deale more cruelly, should you
Restore me to my Brother, then thus divorce
Me from your Company. Besides, It is
My Cause you fight for; I've an interest
Going in the Warre; And will you, Sir, deny mee
The poore content of binding up your Wounds
Received for mee? *Barf:* Madam, you'l give me leave,
Here to strive with you; I've a Cause going too.
Let me Sir, joyne in the request, that you
Will take us with you. If there be noe other
Use of us, We'l help to put on your Armes,
And take them off. *Meleag:* If our two Wives do joyne
In the Petition, with their *Chambermaids*,
They'l make a *Female Regiment*. *Theag:* I looke
My *Wife* within these three dayes shall be *Knighted*.
Meleag: And I that mine be made a *Collonel*.
Arch: Alas you know not what you aske; pray tell me,
How would a Speare shew in your hand *Roxane?*
Or *Sister*, How d'you thinke it would become you
To weild a Pike? or weare a sword? Or how
Could I looke on my selfe but as a guilty
Betrayer of you, if the chance of Warre
Should snatch you from mee? Or you two be made
Part of the Conquerours *Triumph?* Come; I have
Provided gentler entertainments for you.
Your wishes will supply your presence; and
Put Wings unto my Victory. *Rox:* 'Tis part
Of my love Sir, to be obedient.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA V.

Theagines, Meleager, Orithya, Thalestris.

Theag: What? You expect we should be solemne now,
And take a ceremonious farewell of you?
Oryth. We should not else thinke we have *civill husbands*;

To leave us bluntly; or as *Souldiers* court
Their *Mistrisses*; who scarce doe aske consent (selves
But fall to th' busineſſe. *Mel:* Well, looke you ſhow your
Our true *Wives* in our abſcence. If you ſhould,
To eaſe retirement, and divert the *Melancholy*
Of *Solitude*, weave us a fine *Court Lawrell*
To Crowne our Victories at our returne——
You underſtand *Thalaſtris? Thal:* Sir, we hope
You are not jealous; you will place no Spies,
To regiſter who viſits vs. *Theag:* No Lady;
But Stories ſpeake of certaine ſtrange things done,
By *Ladies* in th' abſence of their *Lords*.

Thal: They ſpeake Sir, of as ſtrange things done by *Lords*
In th' abſence of their *Ladies*. *Mel:* If wee ſhould
Slip from the Campe ſometimes, and ſteale a night,
I hope you would not ſhut your Caſtle gates
Againſt us, would you? *Orith:* 'Tis as wee heare report
Whither y'are valiant. I diſdaine a Coward
Though't be my *Huſband*. *Thal:* And I. *Theag:* And in theſe
Stour, generous thoughts we leave you. *Orith:* Looke I doe
Winne reputation by you. *Mel:* Farewell *Thalaſtris*.

Thal: Remember, Sir, You doe things worthy of mee.

Exeunt {*Theag:* *Meleag:*

SCÆNA VI.

To them Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call: Ladies, we have a ſmall ſuite to you, which
Concernes your ſelves. *Orith:* 'Twill the more eaſily
Be granted, Sir, what is't? *Neand:* 'Tis, that you'l ſpeake
To th' King, we may ſtay, and be liſted Guards
Unto your perſons, in theſe times of Danger.

Art: 'Tis no plot Ladies, to decline the War;
But to doe ſervice to you here at home;
And to defend you 'gainſt Aſſaults. *Thal:* That, Sir,
The Fort will doe, and the ſtrong Wals oth' Caſtle.

Call:

Call. Troth, Madam, we begge this in pitty to you.
How will you spend your Dayes, *Ladies* with *Ladies*,
And but two reverend old *Males* among you?
Neand: Either you must betake your selves to your *needles*,
And worke the Seige of *Troy* o're; or the Tragœdy
Of *Hero* and *Leander*, in sad Stitches;
Or else betake your selves to your spindle, like
Penelope, and sing the adventures of
Your absent Husbands to a distaffe, and
Beguile the Houres in flax. *Call.* Or else you must
Hire some old, frosty, cold *Philosopher*,
To read on flowers t'you, every time you walke
Into the Garden, and convert their Colours
Into Your Lectures. Show You why the *Primrose*
Is pale, and why the *Marygold* is red. (consider,
Art: Then for your Nights—*Call.* True, *Ladies*, Doe but
How you will spend your Nights? *Art:* Watch how your
Forsaken Taper wastes it selfe, and pines (lone,
Away, out oth' meere sense it hath to burne
So fruitlesly, till it consume it selfe (keep you
Into its owne Darkenesse? *Neand:* Or shall your *Woman*
Awake with amorous Tales? Troth, Ladies, Story
Is a dead Thing, if not reduc'd to practise.
Say, to delude the tediousnesse oth' Night,
You should share ith' same bed. Two oth' same Sex,
Make but one in th' affaires of Love, *Thal.* We see
Y'have studied our case for us. Truth is, Gentlemen,
The lists are full already. *Orith.* Besides, 'twou'd breed
Suspicions in our Husbands. So we leave you.

Exeunt.

Call. We are defeated, Gentlemen; *Neand:* what remedy?
Art: By that time they've layne fallow but three Nights
They will send after, and petition us. (on;
Call: Come let's prepare to goe with th' King. *Neand.* Lead
Necessity breed's resolution.

ACTVS

ACTVS. II. SCÆNA I.

Enter severally two old *Citizens* frighted.

1 *Cit.* Oh Neighbour— 2 *Cit.* What's the newes, Sir?
1 *Cit.* Heavy newes, Oh Sir—
2 *Cit.* Out with it. 1 *Cit.* Neighbour, I doe looke
Within this houre not to be worth a Spit,
Brasse pot, or a Childs whistle; or to be able,
To call this aged Sattin doublet mine,
In which I've borne five *prætorships*. The enemy
Hath taken the *Island*, burnt the Castle, and (who scap'te,
The Ladies in't. 2 *Cit.* How? 1 *Cit.* One of their Guard
Heard six of 'em cry out for water. And
They are sailing towards the City. 2 *Cit.* I'le home presently,
And hide my money. It came from the Earth,
And shall awhile thither returne againe. (They say,
1 *Cit.* That will not serve the turne. 2 *Cit.* Not? 1 *Cit.* Noe;
There is one ship laden with nought but Engines,
To torture those who doe refuse to tell
Where they have hid their Wealth. I feele my fingers
Already squeez'd 'twixt pincers; Irons hissing
At the soles of my feet; My body caught
Up into th'Aire by the *Strapado*, Trickes
Showne on my Limbs; My bones tost out of joint,
And finely tost, and rackt in joint againe.
2 *Cit.* To prevent this, and to defeat their tortures,
I'le choose my owne death, and eene hang my selfe,

SCÆNA. II.

To them enter two *Women Citizens*,

1 *Wom.* What pitty 'tis that such fine Ladies should
Have such untimely ends. 1 *Cit.* D'you heare? The newes
Is certaine; They are burnt. 2 *Cit.* I doe perceive it. (nies,
Pray Heark'e. 2 *Wom.* They say Great people have their Desti-

As

As well as Meaner. And they that are borne
Under a Watry *Planet*, to be drown'd,
Shall ne're dye in their beds. 2 *Cit*: Are then, the Ladies
Drown'd, Gentlewoman? 1 *Wom*: Not cast away by wrack, sir.
It seemes the Enemy way layd the Shippes
That carryed 'em, and sunke 'em. 1 *Cit*: But is this certaine?
1 *Wom*: Most certaine Sir, my Husbands Journeyman
Came just now from the Port, and saw ten of
Their bodies swim downe with the Tide. 2 *Cit*: And what
D'you heare oth' Enemies comming? 1 *Wom*: They have sent
A most strange Message to the City, Sir. (*Burgesses*
1 *Cit*: What is't, I pray? 1 *Wom*: Why, Sir, that all rich
Must put themselves in Tribes; And in their Chaines,
And scarlet Gownes, some three houres hence, must, in
A solemne, grave, procession, two, and two,
Your Officers before you, with their Maces,
T'enrich the entertainment, meet them at
Their Landing; where together with your Chaines,
Y'are to resigne the Keyes to all your Chests,
2 *Wom*: And, then, for us; They do demand that all
Who are not rich, but yet have handsome Wives,
Shall yeild them up. How do you thinke, Sir, will
The Souldiers deale with us, like Women? 1 *Wom*: I do
So feare their boisterousnesse. Will they, thinke you,
Strip us and leave us naked? Or be content
To ravish us, and let us goe? 2 *Wom*: Looke, here
Doe's come my servant *Pistoclerus*; he *Enter Pistoc:*
Can tell us more. What newes deare servant? *Pist*: Fly, fly,
The Prince is overthrowne; The Ladies are
All taken Prisoners; The Enemy is enter'd
Halfe way into the City; Your two Houses
By this are ransack't; I saw divers loads
Of Jewels, Plate, and Hangings, carryed out.
1 *Cit*: But good, but good Sir, is this true? *Pist*: Is my
Name *Pistoclerus*? 1 *Cit*: Yes, Sir. *Pist*: Then 'tis true.
Make haste and save your Daughters, or they'l else
Be put to ransomes for their Maidenheads. (ever
1 *Cit*: We thanke you Sir. Come Neighbour. 2 *Cit*: Oh that

I did live to be rich, or see these Dayes.

Exeunt 2 Cit:

Pist: Your husbands too are seiz'd on, And are threatned
To be put to the Racke, unlesse they will (them
Produce their Wives. 1 *Wom:* Wee'l make haste to releeve
2 *Wom:* I take my leave; And shall be glad to see you
Sometimes ith' Suburbs Sir, *Pist:* I'le follow you.

Exeunt Women:

Pist: This is call'd *Comœdy*, raised from *Tragœdy*.
Never was City in such tumult, as
I have put this into. The women want
Nothing but speares, circled with Ivy, to hold
A perfect feast to *Bacchus*. And to beate
Their Pans, and Kettles up and downe the streets,
Instead of Drums, and Cymbals. The men have all
Armed themselves with what came next to hand.
I saw a Troope of Butchers marching downe
Their Shambles with their Cleavers. After them
Follow'd a Regiment of Taylors with
Their Yeards, and Bodkins. In the reare, a Company
Of Shoomakers with Awles. Each Trade takes Armes
Within its owne profession. Now will I follow
My Suburbe Mistrisse; whose husband is content
To make one oth' fifteene of us; And doth
Connive by turnes. The tamest fellow, and
So little owner of his owne Wife, that
He verily beleeves hee Cuckolds us
When he lyes with her. Amongst us there is One
Maim'd Souldier, with one legge, who still payes double;
And goes to bed to her with a stirrope? 'Tis
The common'st, and the prating'st Varlet, she
Cals me her Chærilus, I her my Lycoris.
She makes me tell her newes whole dayes together:
Which I, her spunge, do sucke up in my travels
From Company to Company, and doe
Enlarge with my Additions, and Notes politicke;
And then as severally dispersse; And so
Draw Custome to her House; which she cal's pay.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA III.

Lyncestes, Polydamas.

Lync: This must needes be conspiracy; There is
A Riddle in't my Lord, which you and I
Cannot unfold. It must be Time, the Mother
Of Truth, which must expound this Mystery,
How should they draw their Fleet up else? By what
Instinct, or marke, should they know so exactly
The Shippe the Ladies were in, As if they
Had hung their Petticoats for sailes up, or
Had turn'd their Gownes to streamers? Single it out
From all the rest, and take 'em? As if one
Oth' Princesses had beene a signe oth' Vessell,
And stood forth the *Roxane*, or *Barsene*,
Instead oth' *Centaure*, *Andromeda*, or *Castor*?

Polyd: They did not bring a *Thracian* Prophet with them,
Or call *Tyresias* from the *Elysian* Groves,
To be their Oracle, to tell them justly
The Criticall Point, and Minute of our passage.
'Tis now just stealth for stealth; our King transported
One paire of blacke eyes, Aud they've seized a Carricke,
And Ship full of them. *Lync*: I will straight put to Sea,
In their pursuite. If they be not transform'd
Into *Sea-Nimphs*; Or hide their watry Deities
'Mongst Eeles, and Dolphins, I will rescue them.

Polyd: 'Twill concerne me to stay here, and compose
Those Frights oth' City; which this newes hath put
Into a posture of Confusion.
At your returne we will to th' King; And let
Him know the Accident. Meane time, In hope
You'l bring them home true Ladies, as they went.
That's humane Ladies, purely made of Flesh;
Or else true *Mermaides*, that is, Ladies made
Halfe Fish, halfe Flesh, I'le stop all Messengers.
The newes will but disturbe his Victories. *Exeunt*

SCÆNA IV.

Enter *Clytus* and *Hypocles*, with *Orithya*, *Thalestris*, *Menalippe* and *Marthesia* like Amazon Captives, shackled with Golden Fetters, and pinnion'd with silken cords, two & two as in a Wood.

Clyt: Could you imagine you could carry your
Designe in Clouds, and change your shapes, like Spirits,
And take what formes you please, and we not know it?
Hypp: Alas we had our plot going too; Our spies
Gave us intelligence, where, when to seize you.
'Tis not unknowne to us, you called a Councell
Of Warre; In which, without your husbands knowledge,
You did resolve to put your selves in Armes,
And fight against us. We can tell you that
Roxane was to be your Generall;
Barsene Captaine of the Engines; You,
Lady *Ulisses*, were to command the Horse,
This Lady *Hector* the foot; And these two, here,
Were to be Scouts by Night, by Day your Squires,
To beare your Targets after you. *Orith*: Y'have had
A noble Conquest of it, to surprize
A Company of poore weake Women. Is this
The valour of your Nation, to proceed
By plot and stratagem 'gainst such as us?
Clyt: These are Warre Arts. *Thal*: Or is this noble usage,
To Fetter us, and cast us into Chaines?
You could but Manicle your slaves thus. *Clyt*. We
Do but observe the Law of Armes towards those
Whom we do take in Armes. *Orith*: Does then, the Law
Bid you keepe no distinction betweene Sexes?
Hypp: Yes, where the Persons whom we conquer do.
But you have lost your priviledge; And put off
Your Sex for ours. *Clit*: We looke not on you now,
As vanquish't Ladies, but as vanquish't Captaines;
And so must use you. *Orith*: Alas, what's your Intent?

Is't

Is't to enrich your selves with our poore spoyles?
Thal: If Plunder be your aime, pray take our Jewels;
Bestow them on your Mistresses, at your
Returne; And tell them how generously, how stoutly,
You purchast them; Say you betraid the Wearers
First, and then rifled 'em. *Orith:* Pray strip us; And
Let us redeeme our Liberty with the
Poore ransome of our Cloathes. *Clyt:* You are deceiv'd;
Our purposes are much more high, and noble,
Then to raise booty from you, Theeves conquer so.
Our Custome is, when we take Prisoners, to
Lead them in Triumph through our *Thracian* streets;
Your Beauties, thus adorned, will save the charge
Of guilded Pageants, to entertaine the People.
Thal: Must we be made a show, then, to delight (welcome
Your Wives and children? *Clyt:* How should they make us
At our returne else? *Hipp:* Could we take your fields,
And Townes, and Cities, and Rivers Prisoners too,
And could transport them with us, these we should
Make part oth' Triumph; But because we cannot,
What Nature makes impossible, we do
Supply with Art, And lead them painted; And
The Pencill doth present in Colours, what
The Truth of Things denies. *Clyt:* Then for your persons,
Being our lawfull Captives; 'Tis our Custome
To give you to our Ladies, to be their slaves
In ordinary; To starch, and to belong
Unto their Laundries, And so we doe divide
Our Conquests with them. But because we will
Deale honourably with you, we intend
To use you as our other Wives; you shall
Be seconds in the pleasures of our Beds.
Hipp: I do presume such Warlike Ladies, as
Your selves, must have read *Homer*; you shall be
My *Briseis*, I your *Agamemnon*. *Clyt:* You
My *Chrysis*, I your stout *Achilles*; These
Two white she *Myrmidons* will serve to raise
A Breed betweene them and our Pages. *Orith:* Sir,

Have you a sense of Nobleness? *Clyt.* Yes Lady,
And you shall finde it. *Orith:* Finish your Conquest, then,
And take a life I'me weary of. I am
Your Prisoner, Let me be your slaughter too.
Thal: Shew your selves equally as valiant in
Our Death, as our Surprize. Take a fraile breath,
Which, to enjoy, with these conditions, will
Adde new weights to our Thraldome; And you will
Afflict us with our preservation.
Orith: By your owne Lady, Sir, if you have one,
Let me beseech you, kill mee; 'Twill be farre
More noble, then to Love me. *Thal:* Every houre
We live your Captives, thus, will seeme an Age
Of Infamy. *Menal:* Madam, Let's stand upon
Our Naturall Defence; They are but two
Against us foure. *Marth:* Let's Mutiny, and by
Our owne swords free our selves. They've onely
A Heart to take us treacherously like Theeves;
But dare not fight with us. *Clyt:* What would you do
Pretty Serjant Major Damsell were you loose,
Who are thus Valiant in your Shackles? *Hypp:* Now
You'l know your Doomes. Here comes our Prince with his
Faire brace of Prisoners.

SCÆNA V.

To them Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene, like Amazons, as in a Wood.

Eurym: ———Y'are the first Lady, Madam,
That e're yet bore such Armes against her Lover.
I thought to finde your Quiver in your Lookes,
Not hanging at your backe; And to encounter
No Shafts or Arrowes, but those bright ones shot
From your faire eyes. Thus doubly arm'd you have
Taken a Course to make me twice your Captive.
Bars: You show, Sir, how you love me thus to stile
Your selfe the prisoner, of your prisoner.

Y'are

Y'are the first Prince I've read of, (If I may
Call you a Prince, who by this act have shownе
Your selfe (unlike one) who first did surprize
His Mistrisse, and then Wooed her; Or bound her first,
Then told her that he loved her. Wilde *Salvages*,
And lustfull *Satyres* court thus; who do know
No difference betwixt their Loves, and Rapes;
But call a rude force Kindnesse; Thinke th'are amorous
Ith' midst of violence; And call't Loves fire,
And flame, which is a foule intemperate heate,
Kindled from every thing that's faire; on which
They looke not as 'tis faire, or amiable,
But as it may be sullyed and contribute
Unto their beastly satisfaction.

Eurym: I hope you thinke not, Madam, I'le make use
Of this advantage so barbarously, as
T'attempt your person?

Barf: That were a crime, which would
Provoke the Gods, which doe inhabit these
Quiet, hallowed shades, to take revenge upon you.
And you would trespasse 'gainst the place, as well
As 'gainst your honour. *Eurym:* I do confesse you are,
To an irregular eye, wholly compos'd
Of sweet enticements. A thousand Beauties fly
From you, at every looke in soft Temptations.
And from a minde which knowes no holyer use
Of such a heavenly forme, but first to covet,
And then t'enjoy, there might be danger; And
The Assailer might excuse his fault from that
Which left him not himselfe, but snatcht him to
Forbidden pleasures. But I doe looke upon you
With other eyes. As y'are to me a *Venus*,
And strike a warme flame in me, so you are
Diana too, and do infuse a chaste,
Religious coldnesse. You do not onely stand
Before me safe as in a Circle, made
By your owne charmes; But do incircle me
With the same Vertuous spels. *Barf:* I yet scarce thinke

My.

My selfe secure, when I thinke you my Pyrate.
Eurym: You'l finde the enterprize deserves a name
More gentle, when you know my Sister went
Halfe Pyrate with me. I had no other way
To gaine a free, and Innocent Accesse.
To enter your Castle had beene impossible;
Unlesse, like *Jove*, I had transform'd my selfe
Into a *Showre*, and rained my selfe downe from
The Skies into your presence. *Barf:* Had you a hand
In my betraying, then? *Rox:* If for one Lady
To contrive Service for another; Or if
T'assist a Brother in his Vertuous Love
Be to betray, I do confesse *Barsene*,
I'me a Conspiratour. Or if he breake
Conditions, and make this ignoble use
Of such a favour, having had his Audience,
Not to restore us to our Liberty,
I am betrayed too. They were first my Letters
Which drew him from his Country with a Fleete,
In show for my pursuite, but in reality,
T'enjoy this Interveiw, and make his eyes
The Judges of the picture I made of you;
Or whether I err'd not in my discriptions, or
Presented you by a false partiall light,
When I decipher'd you just such another
As he doth now behold you. *Barf:* Is this true, Sir?
Eurym: Witnesse ye Gods, if among all your Worshippers,
There be one who contemplates your Divine,
Invisible, Shapelesse, substances with a
More awfull reverence, or paies Devotion
To *Powers* he sees not with a stronger fervour,
Then I did to you, Madam; whom I did
Adore before I saw; And you had then
A perfect Shrine, and Temple in me; where
I did frame such *Idæas* of you, so pure,
So free from these grosse figures, which do stirre
The vulgar admiration, that, if I said,
A *Minde* was worshipt by a *Minde*, And that

My

My thoughts ſupply'd the place of Sacrifices,
Which flew betweene us; And, like winged prayers,
Maintain'd a ſacred Entercourſe, & traffique,
With the Originall of what I fancy'd,
I doe but rudely, but halfe expreſſe my ſelfe.
Barſ. You make me bluſh. *Eur.* But when in the diſguiſe
Of my *Embaſſadour*, I ſaw before me
The *Queene* of *Love*, veil'd in your beauteous ſhape;
With all her *Graces*, & winged *Cupids* about her.
When I beheld all thoſe celeſtiall *Images*,
Which I fram'd of your Abſence, and ador'd
Abſtracted from you, cloth'd in your faire face,
If I projected for this houre, or us'd
The Invention of one ſtrucke, to purchaſe this
Short Audience from you, you are t'impute th'offence,
Or boldneſſe, not to me, but unto Nature,
Who did not make me blind, But ſent me in
To th'world with eyes. *Barſ:* If you proceed, I muſt
Accuſe her, that ſhe gave me eares to heare
Such praiſes ſo miſplac'd. *Eur:* Madam, then breifly,
I claime an intereſt in you, Love for Love;
Which that you may grant as a Princeſſe, and I
Receive it as a Prince, here I doe baniſh
All ſhowes and ſignes of Hoſtile force, and doe
Releaſe you, and your faire Traine. You *Hippocles*,
And *Clytus*, Firſt aske pardon for your cruelty,
Although but acted, and then unbinde the Ladies.
Clyt: Madam, I hope you can forgive; If not,
Pleaſe you to take me priſoner, ſo you will *They unbind'em.*
Promiſe my thraldome ſhall be onely ſuch
As yours ſhould have beene, had we in earneſt kept you
Outright our Captives, I will be content
To exchange ſhackles with you. *Hipp:* Pray hold your legs
A little fairelier, Madam. Methinkes we two
Make the Embleme of the Jealous husband, and (was
The Handſome wife. *Orith:* How's that Sir? *Hipp:* Why there
One, who by day ſtill lockt his wife in chaines,
And gave her eaſe by night. *Clyt:* You two would faine

Have your two legges at large too. *Hipp.* Now your Armes
Are set at liberty, looke you imploy not
Your naturall weapons against us. *Men.* What are those Sir?
Hipp. Your Nailes. *Men.* We scorne to scratch. *Eur.* Next,
Rude Interruption of it, (For when you (after this
Have pardon'd it, I still must looke upon
It as an amorous Crime) I will my selfe
Continue your safe passage to your *Island*;
And see you receiv'd in your Castle. *Bar.* That
Will onely alter our Captivity,
Not tak't away. We must still thinke our selves
Your prisoners there, if you beare Armes against us.
Eurym. Here, then, To let you see, my purpose is not
To be an Enemy to your Brother, and
A Supplicant to you; But that I came
To carry a *Queene*, not *conquest* home with me,
I doe resigne my Forces, and lay downe
My selfe, and Armies at your Feet, Bright princesse;
Say, what peace would you have? I will refuse
No Articles, so you be one of them.
Barsen. You have exprest your selfe so Nobly, shownе
Such generous Signes of your Intentions, and
Gayn'd such a Conquest or'e me by your free,
And Princely Carriage, That as an earnest of
Greater returnes, Wee'l make you partner in
A harmelesse plot we have, which shall conclude
With all that all we wish. *Rox.* Wee've a Designe
To try how our surprize takes with our Campe,
Our Habits and the Art we will put to 'em,
Will keepe us from being knowne. *Bars.* I will deferre
Your farther satisfaction, or confesse
How much I am engag'd, Sir, to requite
Your pure Affections with my owne, 'till our
Next Conference. And left you should believe,
(How ere y'have chang'd a Tempest to a calme,
And make me now in Love with my owne fright,)
You not deserve to undergoe some penance
For making us afraid, your punishment,

Shall

Shall be to fetch my Answer at my Tent,
Eurym. And I shall think't an Age 'till I receive it.
Exeunt.

SCÆNA. VI.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. Did we three ere looke to be Captaines? *Nean.* Troth,
I thought my Marches onely would have beene
To lead a Company of Ladies in
Court Ranke and File, unto a Maske, and Play,
And backe againe. *Art.* And as for skirmishes,
I thought all mine would have proov'd Chamber ones,
Tongue-Fights Or if they had proceeded farther
To th'Drawing of Blood, at most, Naile-Combates. *Call.* I've
The strangest Company of *Voluntiers*;
All Gentlemen of *Hedges* & *Highwayes*.
I doe command an *Hospitall*. Of Fifty
But two have Shirts among 'em; And those worne
Not as shift, or Things at first ordain'd to be
Made cleane, and washt; but as perpetuall Garments;
Not to be put of 'till They doe forsake
Their Wearers, Voluntarily, and creepe from them.
That which was linnen once, Time turnes to Troopes.
I'le undertake could all Quicke Things which are
Bithynian in our Regiment beare Armes,
We need not feare the *Persian*. Every Souldier
Would be a moving *Legion*. *Neand.* My Company,
Is much like yours. Last Muster, when I reckon'd
By th'poll, They were Threescore. But when by doublets,
Scarce Thirty; And these fit for summer Warres.
A fine, warme, entercourse doth passe betweene
Their Skin, and Sun. Farre off They show directly
Like Souldiers of the first Ages, before such Things
As Clothes, or Garments were invented; Neare hand
You'd thinke They had held civill conflict, and
Torne one another thus ragged. If we fight

With th'Enemy; their first great Enterprize
Will be for Breeches; The next for Conquest. *Art.* Troth,
Mine are not altogether so compleatly
Ragged and torne, as yours are. But for Courages
And Lookes, I doe perceive a kinde of quiet,
Yet understood Conspiracy among them,
How not to fight; And can observe a speaking,
Sly Combination passe 'twixt face and face,
How to escape. Their Marches are divided
Betweene a certaine provident care to fly,
And feare of hanging. *Call:* And yet these thin-sould Rascals
Dare mutiny for pay. This Morning I
Consum'd in hearing greivances. One told me
He was this Weeke preserv'd by Miracle;
Liv'd on one bunch of Radishes, which sure
He thinkes did multiply from one to many,
He had beene famisht else. Another told me,
A Cheese had like t'have rais'd Commotion
'Twixt him and foure Camerades; which had suffic'd them
Foure Dayes. A Third doth verily beleive
He shall in time reduce his Body to
A perfect Habit of eating nothing; For
He doth protest He hath not tasted food
These eight and forty houres. *Neand:* Here comes the King.

SCÆNA VII.

To them *Archidamus*, *Theagines*, *Meleager*.

Arch. How doe your Workes goe on, *Theagines?*
Are they of Height and Strength enough to keepe
Us from th'Assaults oth' Enemy, untill
Our other Forces come? *Theag:* Unlesse we should
Like th'Ancient *Gyants*, who invaded Heaven,
Pile Hils on Hils, or compasse in our selves
With Mountaines heap't on Mountaines, Sir, we cannot
Immure our selves with more Defences, or
Raise Guards more strong, or more Impregnable.

That

That which was er'ſt a Champion Feild is now
A perfect Fort. If they have winged Horſes,
Or feather'd Breed of *Pegaſus*, and can
Be a flying Army in the Aire, or give
Us battle from the Clouds, there is ſome feare
They may ſurprize us; But by th'common way
Of Battery by *Rammes*, or *Engines*, They
As well may beſeige Rockes, or ſtrive to make
Their Souldiers ſcale Towers. *Arch.* And have you *Meleager*
Made true Diſcovery of their Campe? *Mel.* It ſeemes
They meane to make the plaine beyond next Hill,
The Scene oth' Fight. I have obſerv'd from thence
Their ſeverall *Quarters*; Tents caſt into Streets,
Painted Pavillions in the midſt, and Heart
Oth' *Leaguer*, which ſhow like moveable pallaces;
And vye a kinde of bravery with the Sunne,
Which ſhall caſt, or reflect the brighteſt Glory.
About theſe in a decent order ſtand
A Numerous Towne of *Tabernacles*, of
Leſſe Glitterings, which doe end in a large *Suburbs*
Of common ſouldiers Cabbins. Had they brought
Their Wives, and Temples with them, it would be
A perfect warlike City. *Arch.* You deſcribe
The preparations of a Wedding; This
Trim ſhow can't be intended for a fight.
Have they ſecur'd all this with Trenches too?
Have they Wals to their painted City? *Mel:* It ſeemes
They meane their number ſhall ſupply thoſe, Sir,
Unleſſe it were the *Perſian* Army, which
Was overcome by *Alexander*, where
The *Grecekes* at once fought, and beheld a Maſque,
Perform'd by Ladies in gilt Chariots; And where
The Souldiers tooke Directions how to fight
From Harpes and Lutes, which play'd betweene the battles,
As betweene Acts and Entrances, I ne're read
Of any expedition which conſiſted
Of ſo much Spectacle and Number too.
Arch. Surely *Eurimedon* hath rais'd theſe forces

To make an Entertainment for my sister, *A shout*
And make his Conquest of the Ladies show *within.*
More sweet, and Courtly. Harke; what meanes this shout?
Go one of you, and see. *Call:* Troth, Sir if I *Exit Neand.*
May take the humble leave to speake, methinkes
You might compose this Warre by Treaty. A Preist,
In my poore judgement, Sir, might save much bloud,
And joine hands, which divided will joine battells.
Arch: You faine would give up your Commission, *Callias,*
And be at Court againe. *Call:* Troth, Sir, I had
Much rather tire my selfe with dancing at
Your, and your Sisters Nuptials, then here venture
Marts on my transitory Life. Which if
It have a lease of three weekes longer, or
If providence doe spin it out a Moneth,
'Tis more then I expect. Your Father Sir,
Must thanke you in the *Elisyan* Shades hereafter,
For being so pious, to preferre his will
Before your Subjects safety. If *Eurymedon* *Enter*
Endow your Sister with your Kingdome, say *Neand.*
Your Court once bred a Prophet. *Arch.* Call'd a Coward.
Neand: The *Queene* oth' *Amazons*, Sir, hearing of
Your Warres, is newly landed, and hath brought
An Army of *She Archers* in your Succour.
She hath before her sent two Captaines of
Her Guard, who call Themselves *Embassadours*; But looke
Like *Nymphs* sent of an Errand from the *Goddesse*
Of *Woods* and Huntings, who would have your leave,
To make Warre on your Stags, Wild Boares, and Panthers.
Looke here they come, *Sir.*

SCÆNA VIII.

SCÆNA VIII.

To them Menalippe, Martheſia, like Amazons.

Men. —Pray which is the King ?
Neand. He, Lady, in the purple ſcarfe. *Men.* Our *Queene*,
The famed *Hippolyta*, having atchiev'd
Her conqueſt on the *Scythians*, and returning
Home, with *Antiope*, her ſiſter, to offer
Their Lawrels up to thoſe Aſſiſting Gods
Which caſt them on their Victories, as ſhe ſayl'd
Along your Coaſts, hearing you are ingag'd
In a Warre ſomething like the *Trojan*, where
She loſt an *Anceſtour*, offers her ſelfe,
And whole Fleete to your ſervice. Her reward,
She ſayes will be th'Acceptance, nor expects
More thankes, then to be Knowne to your brave *Selfe*,
And the *faire Cauſe* you fight for. *Mar.* She addes farther,
That ſhe deſires (Becauſe ſhe will not, Sir,
Unſhippe her Forces, without your conſent,
Which might raiſe terrour in your people, And
Appeare no Viſit, but Invaſion)
You'l ſend a Conduct to meet her on the way
Now towards your Camp; So, to ſecure the paſſage
Of theſe few Ladies ſhe brings with her. *Arch.* Ladies,
Pray tell your *Queene*, ſhe hath by your brave Meſſage,
Purchaſt one Lawrell more; And added Mee,
And my whole Kingdome to her other Conqueſts.
The honour ſhe vouchſafes mee is ſo great,
That I'le my ſelfe be of her conduct. *Men.* Sir,
She's proud to be your ſoldier. *Call.* Ladies ? *Men.* Sir ?
Call. You have no Meſſage from the other Ladies,
To us Three, have you ? *Men.* How d'you meane ? *Call*, If
Your Queene come here to propogate; or if
You, and your ſiſter Warriours bring a purpoſe
To carry home *Bithynian* Iſſue, pray tell em
We are their Servants. *Men.* We ſhall Sir, *Call.* And ſo

Diana

Diana speed you, Ladies. *Arch:* You two prepare
Campe Entertainment for her. You three put
Your Troupes in order to attend us. *Neand:* We shall Sir:
'Twill be the strangest sight to see naked men
March before Armed Women. *Art:* Gentlemen, *Ex.* { *Arch.* *Theag.* *Mel.*
What think you of this Embassy? *Nea.* Why that
The Revolutions come, In which we shall,
Be conquer'd of our Maidenheads. *Art:* Methinks
I see my selfe already a Father to
A fine, smart *Amazon*; I looke she should
Come into th'World with Bow and Arrowes, And
Be borne with a short sword. *Call:* If our fights prove
Night Skirmishes, I'le sacrifice to Love.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCÆNA I.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. Two weekes of this, conceive me, Gentlemen,
We cannot scape a famine, but shall frolicke
Our selves into a Dearth, Then live by th'Ounce,
And dine and suppe in weight and measure, to
Permit things to increase againe. We have
At once exhausted three Elements, the Earth,
Water, and Sky, for Rarities; If the fourth
Bred ought but *Salamanders*, or afforded
Ought strange, or edible, I doe beleive
We should have ransackt that too. *Neand:* I have read
Of feasting, and heard *Philosophers* dispute
It for a vice, but ne're saw it practic'd but
In this large entertainment. Sure the Lords
Who had the ordering on't first read the workes
Of some old studied *Epicure*, who placed
Felicity ith' palate, and then brought
His rules and precepts into cheere. There wanted
Onely Pearles to be melted, Gems dissolved,

And

And Jewels drunke to the Queenes health, to make it
A perfect Sacrifice to Luxury.
Art: If this hold, Gentlemen, I doe forefee
We shall within this Month forget our selves
To be *Bithinjans*, that is, Souldiers, who
Can live on Campe fare, and turne *Persians*,
Where our whole businesse will be onely these
Two fine, soft, exercises, to eate, and wench. (cheekes,
Call: How do you like the Queene? *Neau*. Me thinkes her
Speake through their Amorous browne, as if she came
For something else then fighting. There's a story
Of a *Greeke Prince*, and of a *Queene*, her Countrywoman,
Who joyn'd Sex thirteene dayes together, to
Raise Progeny betweene them. If this should
Claime Copulation by the Law of Nations,
And challenge a short use, for a month, or so,
Of the Kings body, for procreation sake,
I cannot see how, in humanity,
Having so good a Title as the Want
Of Men, and Males, in her owne Country; shee
Can be denied. *Art*: Or if her Sister should
Claime the short use of one of us, and plead
Her naturall Right unto our Bodies, 'twere
A Nationall Wrong, not to endeavour to
Dismisse her with posterity. *Neaud*: You speake
As if you had hopes, *Artops*. *Art*: I professe
To me shee's Lightning, Gentlemen; she melts
My sword ith' scabberd; I stand before her like
Stubble before a burning Glasse, Her eyes
At every glance do turne me into flame.
Call: Will not one of the other Ladies please
Your high taste, *Artops*? Me thinkes those faces are
Most faire, which are most easie of fruition.
Neaud: I am resolved to sound the true depth of
Their errand. *Call*: And I. *Art*: I thinke I shall submit,
And make a Third, *Neaud*. Peace, here they come; Me thinks
Yon'd two by Sympathy already do
Send Tickers to invite us to their Tents.

SCÆNA II.

To them Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thalestris, Menalippe, Martheſia, like Amazons; Their faces diſcolour'd to a comely Browne.

Arch. You truly ſhow, Gracious *Hippolyta*,
How much you are a Souldier, who can be
Content with ſuch rude Entertainment; where
The moſt I could expreſſe, was, that you were
Receiv'd into a Seige. Where my *Diſtreſſes*,
And poverty, are faine to call Themſelves
Magnificent from what I lacke, but would
Faine furniſh out with Words, and ſay My Intent
Was large, though my expreſſion was but ſmall.
If ought hereafter make this place or Army
Deſerving of your ſtay, it muſt be your
Owne ſelfe ſufficient Goodneſſe, which can put
Splendid Names on Defects, And the faire Traine
Y'have brought along with you. Whoſe Company,
Transformes a Wilde Campe into your owne Court;
And makes you at home in my poore Country. *Rox.* Sir,
We hope you doe not thinke we came to feaſt,
Or revell with You; For that you have expreſt
Even to a treſpaſſe 'gainſt our Diſcipline;
Whileſt taking us for Women, you forget
W'are Souldiers too; And turne your Campe into
A ſoft Receipt of Ladies. 'Tis againſt
Our Countrey Cuſtome to ſpend our Dayes in Banquets,
Or Nights in Maskes; Our Times are more virile,
And different from the reſt of our ſoft Sex,
Who doe divide Themſelves betweene their Beddes,
Glaſſes, Tyres, Dreſſings, and Diſcourſe of Servants.
We count our Houres oth' Night by ſeverall Watches,
And Releifes of our Sentineils; And reckon
Our Houres oth' Day, not by our Feaſts, but Marches.

We

We know no Glasse but our owne Armour; Nor
E're see our selves but ith' cleare Brightnesse of
Our Sheilds, and Helmets; And then our Dressings are,
Such as you See, a Sword, Bow, Shafts, and Quiver.
Barsen. We came to helpe you fight, Sir, And to carry
Deeds worthy of our Name home with us. 'Twill
Be our reproach in History, if't be knowne
We did nought in *Bithynia*, after all
Our other great Atcheivements, but see playes;
Passe the loose Houres in feasting; Know no fights
But such as are *Dramaticke*, and proceed
From the Invention of your *Poets*; who
Kill onely on the Stage, and then revive
Their slaughter'd persons in the *Tiring-House*.
Orith: If with my Queenes leave, I may speake, Sir, If
We vanquish not the *Thracians*, who are now
Your Enemies, or give them battle: We
Shall seeme a fleet of *Gossips*, who tooke shore,
Onely to see, and to be seene; And so
Returne Inglorious. *Thal.* Besides, Our Citizens
Will count us Cowards; And weary to be governed
By such faint, sluggish Princesses; will mutiny,
Shake off the yoke of Subjects, and endanger
To turne our *Monarchy* into a Many-
Headed *Democracy*; And then you know
What must needs follow where the *State* consists
All of *Plebeians*; where that *Beast* the Rude
Multitude rules, and none obey. *Arch:* You show
Valours so much beyond your Sex, and stirre
So just a shame, and blushing in us of
Our owne unequall Courages, that I
Must needs looke on you, not as you are *Ladies*,
But warlike *Goddesses* stept downe from heaven;
Each of you an Armed *Pallas*, to assist
The just Cause of th'afflicted. Or if this
Expresse you not; In each of you, Methinkes,
I once more see *Achilles* like a Girle,
And 'twill be Honour to me, when hereafter

Posterity in Chronicle shall ranke me
A sharer in your Actions; And my Conquests
Shall run in story bound with yours. Not to
Offend you therefore with ought effœminate,
Or what befits not you to see, or this
Place to present, as one addition more
To your entertainment I've provided
A warlike Dance performed by Warlike *Moores*;
Just in such postures as they adore their Gods,
Before they goe to battle. Bid 'em enter.

Here six Moores dance after the ancient Æthiopian manner. Erect Arrowes stucke round their heads, in their curled haire, instead of Quivers. Their Bowes in their hands, Their upper parts naked; Their neather from the waist, to their knees cover'd with bases of blew Sattin, edged with a deepe silver fringe. Their legs also naked, incircled with rings of gold; the like their Armes. Great pendants of Pearle at their eares. At every close, expressing a cheere full Adoration of their Gods.

My next care, Madam, shalbe to make these follies
Passe into better spectacles. I will
Send for the Ladies from their Castle. Your presence
Will mak't a new delight t' enjoy the sounds,
And roughnesse of the Campe.

SCÆNA III.

To them *Lynceστes*, *Polydamas*.

Archid: ———My Lord *Lynceστes*,
Polydamas, How doe the Ladies brooke
Their Solitude? Have they not yet created
One of themselves Preist to the Company,
To say prayers twice a day for their releasement?

Lync: Sure Sir, They were not *Ladies*, but a Crew
Of *Spirits*; who appear'd like women, and
A while wore humane faces made of lips,
And eyes, and cheekes, & dimples, to delude

The

The easy sight of the beholders, and
Then vanish't backe into themselves againe.
Arch: They are not growne invisible. I hope;
They've no enchanted Rings among 'em? *Lync*: Sir,
I have sailed round your Coast, as farre as Water
Would give me leaze; Have ransackt every Creeke,
Examined every hole which would but lodge
A *Conger*, or a *Poore-John*; And can finde
No more print of them then Ships leave ith' Sea.
Uuless I should have hir'd your *Negro's*, Sir,
Which I met here at doore to dive for 'em,
As *Indians* do for pearle, in hope to finde 'em,
Some forty Fathome deepe in *Oyster shels*,
I know not where to seeke 'em. *Arch*: Are they lost then?
Lync: *Eurymedon* in person with his Fleete
Concealed, Sir, seized them in their passage over
Into the *Island*; And whether he have sent 'em
Home to *Bizantium*, or keepe them here
His prisoners, is uncertaine. *Polyd*: The Report
Had like t'have put *Chalcedon*, Sir, into
A Civill Warre. The People of both Sexes,
'Till I allay'd them, were up in a Commotion.
Arch: O my propheticke soule! which whisper'd me
I should not trust 'em to an Element
So false and treacherous. *Theag*: Are our two Ladies
Vapour'd away ith' mist too, Sir, and seiz'd on?
Lync: Yes, and their women; They have not left a beauty
Ith' City; or ought which you can call handsome
To breed upon, or to continue a
Succession of good faces. *Theag*: I expect
In time to see my wife returne then, with
A race of little *Thracians* all noble by
The bearers side. *Meleag*: And I that my Wife save me
The future labour of begetting, and
Without my helpe returne me a fine Troope
And Squadron, which will call her Mother, and
Me Captaine. *Arch*: Had he seiz'd my Crowne; or taken
Me prisoner, and with me my Kingdome, It

Had beene a losse I could have borne; And thought it
One of the Chances which prove Princes subject
To Mens Misfortunes. But to deprive me of
Her, who to mee was Empire, Kingdome, Crowne,
And all Things else, which make men happy; She
Whose two eyes were the Sunnes that rul'd my Day,
And to whom onely her Absence did make Night;
She who smil'd virtue, and whose beauteous Lookes
Were a soft, visible, Musicke, which entranc'd
The lookers on, and strucke harmonious raptures
Into every chast soule, and instill'd pure fires
Int' every unchaste; She who had the power
To charme feirce Tygers, and make Panthers tame,
And civilize the wildest Salvage, but
He who surpriz'd Her, and made his Sister, and
My destined Queene part of his pyracy;—
Thus to deprive me of my Joyes ith' porch,
And entrance to them, is a wrong like that,
Where the faire Bride is ravisht from the Bridegroome,
Upon the Nuptiall Day; or where their Hands
Are rudely sunder'd whilest the Preist is tying
The holy Knot. But why doe I turne Woman,
And adde to th' losse by my Complaints. You two
Streight backe to th' City; Raise new Forces; Adde
Wings to your expedition. I shall thinke
Time moves not with its owne hast, 'till we give
The Robbers Battle, and redeeme the prey. *Ex: Lyc:*
Rex: Come, Sir, you shall divert the Thought of your *Polyd.*
Recoverable losse at our Tent; where
We will divide greifes with you, or finde wayes
To make them wholly ours. *Arch:* Your Company
Releives me, Madam; And I shall not thinke
My selfe unfortunate in such a presence.

Exeunt.

SÆNA IV.

SCÆNA. IV.

Callias, Neander, Artops, Orithya, Thalestris, Menalippe, Martheſia.

Call. Ladies? *Orith.* Sir? *Call.* You don't train this afternoon,
Or muſter, doe you? *Orith.* Your reaſon Sir? *Call:* Becauſe,
If no Affaire of Diſcipline call on you
To leave us, wee'd faine change ſome Campe Aire with you;
Thal: W'are at full leiſure, Sir. *Call.* Pray, Ladies, let us
Be bold to aske you then, what places hold you
In your Queenes Army? Doe you command the *Foot*,
And *Infantery*? Or are you *Cavaliers*
And *Regents* of the *Horſe*? *Orith:* Why doe you aske?
Call. Not out of curioſity, t' informe
Our ſelves in your Arts Military; But onely
Out of a free deſire we have *Commanders*
To be admitted ſervants to *Commanders*.
Orith. How doe you meane? *Nean.* Troth, Ladies, to divert
The Melancholly and Sadneſſe which this Accident
Will raiſe among us; we would gladly joine
Souldiers with Souldiers, and make both Armies one.
Thal: That's done already Sir. *Art.* Our meaning is,
We would faine doe you civill Right, and pay you
The debts of nature which you come for. Officers
Mingling with Officers will raiſe a Race
Of ſtout young *Alexanders* betweene them, who'l
Once more ſubdue the world. *Thal:* Now you ſpeake
Without Clouds, we conceive you. Doe you thinke then,
We come to ſeeke men to get children on us?
Call. We hope y'are like your Mothers. We know, Ladies
Without our Helpe you are but barren Things;
And cannot propagate betweene your ſelves.
Orith. Well, ſay this be our Errand, ſince you ſpeake
Soe underſtandingly; what would you doe
To helpe us in Neceſſity? *Neand:* Doe? Why,
What ſhould we doe? Doe ſervice to your Country;

And

And ſtrive to keepe you ſtill a People, by
A new ſucceſſion of *Amazons*. *Orith*: But ſay (ſave you
They ſhould prove *males*, Sir. *Nean*. Then breed them up to
The trouble of ſuch journies; and employ 'em,
As you do us their Fathers, to th' publicke good.
Thal: But 'tis againſt our Lawes to Foſter, Sir,
Male births. *Neand*: What do you with 'em? drown 'em then?
Thal: Reſtore 'em to their getters. Would you receive 'em,
If we ſhould ſend 'em home? *Neand*: So they be borne
Perfect; not halfe *male*, and halfe *female*; I'le
Nurſe no *Hermaphrodites*. *Orith*: Beſides, you have
Beene us'd to th' Ladies of your owne Court; you'l
Ne're like our Company. We are not faire
And beautifull enough to ſtirre your Loves
To ſerve us in our needes. *Art*. By this hand, Ladies,
I'me more inflam'd to ſee a certaine true,
And Genuine ſmile creepe o're your Nutbrowne faces,
And make a kinde of Day-breake there, then all
The Artificiall whites and reds, laid on
By our Court painters, who call't Beauty to
Create their owne lookes. *Thal*. Are there ſuch Arts, then?
Call. You ſaw the two Lords here? *Thol*. Yes Sir, *Call*. They
Have two young Ladies, whom I do queſtion, whether
They may call *Wives*, or *Pictures*. *Neand*. Their wedding day
Saw them, perhaps, in their owne bluſhes; And
They lay the firſt night in their unbought Roſes;
But ever ſince have varied ſhapes; ſcarce worne
The ſame face twice. Who'd lye with ſuch ſhe *Proteuſſes*?
Who change forme in the embrac; And do lye downe
One Miſtreſſe, and ith' morning riſe another? (like
Orith. Our lookes are courſe, but native, Sir. *Nean*. Y'are
The Times which Love delights in; we behold
A faire night in your faces ſtucke with Stars.
Call. Me thinks ye exceed the *Queene* of *Love*; ſhe had
But one blacke *Mole*, you are all but one faire *Spot*.
Art. Beleeve it Ladies, were he not a boy,
I'de ſay y'had brought each of you in thoſe lovely,
Darke, ſhady cheekes, a *Cupid*, who from thence,

As

As from an amiable twilight, shootes
His golden arrowes. *Orith.* You do expresse your selves
So affectionate, so like lovers— *Thal.* So comply
With our owne wishes, which are to requite
Your love with love— *Orith.* And do so nobly know
The wants of Ladies, and can as nobly pardon
All their defects, that henceforth we'l expect
Some entercourse of visit from you. *Thal.* We
Shall long to see you at our poore Tents, choose
Your owne times; We lock not our curtaines.

Exeunt Ladies.

SCÆNA V.

To them Theagines *and* Meleager.

Theag. What, laying siege to th'Ladies, Gentlemen?
Call. Trying, my Lord, what *Forts* They weare; or where
They are most easie to be Scal'd; We have yet
But made an Attempt upon their *Outworkes*, and
Held parley with them. *Mel.* And how, and how, in Troth,
D'you find em? Tractable? Will They surrender
On easie Composition, without a long
And tedious Battery? *Neand.* We find em made,
As other Ladies are, of flesh and blood:
I do perceive no difference, My Lords,
Twixt Ayres, and Clymates; But where men meet women,
Nature will have'ts Effects, for the preservation
Oth' *Universe*: unlesse there should be some
To aske, others to grant; some to beget,
Others to bring forth, the World would have an end
In the short Circle of one Age. *Theag.* I hope
It is not come to that already; you have
Had a quick victory, to see and conquer.
Mel. Th'are very Waxen, sure, who take Impression
At the first chafing. *Art.* Waxen? Why I'le tell you,
I never yet saw Things so yeelding, So
Obedient to the Touch. I do beleeve,

Should we dissemble coyneſſe, or ſtand out,
They would put Queſtions to us; And upon
Refuſall, take Armes, and invade our Lodgings.
And what would be the fruits of ſuch a Warre,
Back't with ſo good a Cauſe, your Lordſhips judge.
Neand: Alas you muſt conſider, Good my Lords,
Neceſſity's a *Tyrant.* Had they Men
In their owne Countrey to ſupply their Wants,
Or were their State compos'd ſo, that without
Danger to th' *Commonwealth*, there might be ſome
Kept at the publique charge to lye with them,
At th' Age of procreation, and ſo be
The Fathers of their Country, whil'ſt they mingled
Natives with *Natives*, It perhaps would ſeeme
Immodeſt to ſeeke forraigne Helpe. But where
Males are againſt the Law; And where to *Marry*
Is worſe then to *commit*; And where a *Husband*
Is a Crime worſe then *Fornication*; what
In this Caſe would you have them doe? *Call:* Unleſſe
Nature had made them double, and enabled 'em
To be both Sexes to themſelves; Or elſe,
Unleſſe they could beare children, as we ſee,
Our feilds beare flowers; Where one and the ſame Soyle,
Water'd by a ſoft ſhower, or breath'd upon
By a Warme Aire, is Father, Mother, All,
To its owne Iſſue, How d'you thinke they ſhould
Produce poſterity? Troth, My Lords, I feele
A certaine generous pitty in me to
Their reaſonable Longings. *Theag.* Well, Gentlemen,
You have convinc'd us. But doe you thinke the Two
Princeſſes came for the ſame purpoſe? *Art:* As ſure
As we have leave, Sir, to make viſits, or
Chooſe our owne Nights with theſe departed Ladies.
Mel: And have you? *Art:* Aske them. *Neand* Troth my Lords,
Work enough with your own two Ladies, when (you'l have
You next recover 'em; and therefore will not,
We hope, diſturbe us, who are ſingle, in
Our amorous courſes. We are promiſ'd all

The

The pleasures which their Tents can yeild: And told
There shall be no lockes 'twixt us and our Joyes.

SCÆNA. VI.

To them *Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix*; Three totter'd common Souldiers, with a Drummer before them; And Cock-feathers in their Hats.

Call How now? What have we here? The Signe oth' Battl
'Twixt *Time* and Ragged *Breeches*? And whither now
Tends your most totter'd March? What make your foure
Halfe Doublets from your Colours? *Macr.* Sir, we are
Imployed as *publique persons*, by our Companies,
To tell the King our Greivances. Beat on
To th' Kings Pavilion. *Neand*: *Publique*: 'Tis true, you are;
Your Elbowes witnesse for you; There's not one
Bare part about you that's not *publique*. But
Pray stay, pray stay a little, Gentlemen;
What Greivances have your most lousy valours
To present now? *Lac:* Such, Sir, as we have often
Complain'd to you of, and you'l not redresse us.
Serp: The King is Just, Sir, and allowes us pay,
Which you melt up by th' way. You may make sport,
And laugh at our poore Ruines; But 'tis our *Ragges*,
And bareneſſe, which doth make you *glitter*. *Mac*: If
We had our Right, your large Scarfes, every one
Of which display'd, would make the *Colours* to
A *Company*, should be our *Shirts*. *Art*. How, Sir?
Lac: Sir, it is true; And your large *Feathers*, each
Of which, wav'd by the Winde, does make you walke
In perfect *flouriſh*; And present you like
Three winged *Dedalus's*, prepar'd to fly,
Should be our Coates, and plume us. *Ser*. And that shine
And blaze of *plate* about you, which puts out
Our eyes, when we march 'gainst the Sunne, and armes you
Compleatly with your owne *gold Lace*, which is
Laid on so thicke, that your owne Trimmings doe

Render you Engine proofe, without more Armes,
Should goe to buy us bread. *Art.* This is most rare
With reference to the *Feathers* in your Hats,
Most *pilfring Gentlemen*, which show you have
Skirmished with Neighbouring poultry, lately, and having
Eaten part of your Conquest, weare the rest
As Emblems of your wandring from the Campe,
And Inrodes on Backsides. If I may aske you,
Where have you learnt this Eloquence? I do not
Read that *Demosthenes* declaym'd with Toes
Looking through leather Casements. Or that He was
Sent in an Embassie with halfe a Stockin,
Or such decay'd Caparisons, as I
Observe in your retinue. *Macr.* Sir, wee need
No Teacher but our wants to find us words.
Lacer. Had you Three reckon'd th'Age oth'Warre by fasting
As we have done; who by our hunger know
'Tis now a month since it began; or did you
Know onely these two poore Releefes, Warme daies
For Clothes, Warme Ayre for food. *Serp.* Or had you
Beene Three *Camerades* like us, Three daies to one
Dryed *Bisket*, and horne *Stock fish*; both which might
Be shot for *Battery*, And for hardnesse be
Reckon'd into th'*Artillery*, we doe
Beleeve you would not starve in silence; Or
Depart this life without some Testimony
That you were famisht hence. *Call.* Why harke you, you
Rascalls, who thinke the life of man consists
In eating; And that you were sent into the world
To devoure Flocks and Heards; what are you made for?
Resolve mee, if you can; What is the End
Of your Creation, but to fight, Goe naked,
And starve in Sun-shine? *Neand.* True; what other use
Can there be of you in a *State*, but either
To be hang'd if you steale, if you do not
To suffer hunger, and be lowsie in
Your Countries Cause? And if you scape the Sword,
And do survive, to be a Burthen to

The

The *Common wealth*, to be dispatcht by famine,
for the *publique* eate? *Art.* Besides, why do you trouble
Us with your meager visages? what are
Your torne necessities to us? *Mac.* Does not
Our pay passe through your hands? Are not you our Captains?
Art. And are there no wayes, Sir, to live, besides
Your foure and eight pence weekely? *Lac:* Wee'd be glad
To learne them, Sir. *Art:* Pray let me aske you, then,
And answer with discretion. What is
The naturall use of Capons, Hens, and Geese?
For what serve Turkies? *Mac:* To be eaten. *Art:* Right;
You and I jumpe. And what's the use of Sheep?
I do not meane with fleeces; (That falls under
Another question:) But as they are Mutton?
Lac: Why to be eaten too. *Art:* Still right. And lastly,
What is the use of Wooll made into Cloth?
Is't not to cover? *Serp:* 'Tis so, Sir, *Art:* And what's
The use of Plate and Money? Is't not to
Supply Mens Wants, and buy the things they need? (make
Serp: Most true Sir, *Art:* And are these times which do
The stealth of all these lawfull, And reach out
All these unto you for the venturing: And
Are you so cowardly, or rather so
In love with your owne *Lice*, that you must aske
Us for releife? Or thinke of such a base,
Poore, contemptible thing as *Pay*? *Mac:* Is this
The answer you will give us? *Art:* This is all.
Plundering's a large *Revenue*; 'Tis your owne.
Faule it *Townes* cloth you not; Or if the *Fields*
Afford you not provision. *Mac:* We must then
Here let you know, wee'l Mutiny. Beat backe.
Cal: You Mutiny, you ill fac'd Rascals; Have you
A minde to cheat the Hangman with your Wardrobes?
Or an itch to disgrace the Gibbet with
Your Goblin Carkasses before your times? (raise
Lac: Wee'l raise the Campe against you. *Serp:* Come, let's
Let's raise the Campe. *Neand:* Away you heaps of vermin.
Earth your selves in your Trenches; And there live

The quiet life of *Moles*; Feed on the Rootes *Ex: Mac:*
Of wholsome hearbs which grow about you. Goe. *Lac: Ser:*
Call. My Lords, we must take leave. *Art:* You see the peace
Oth' Army lyes on't. *Neand:* We kisse your Lordships hands.
Exeunt.

SCÆNA VII.

Theagines, Meleager, To them Menalippe, Martheſia.

Theag: Why here be three new *Captaines* now, who make
The Right use of the Warre. Spend their Assaults
On such soft, harmeleſſe, yeilding Things, as Ladies,
And keepe Themselves in Spangles, with the pay
Of their poore *Souldiers.* *Mel:* It appears to me
Strange what Designe should cast these *Amazons*
Upon our shore. I hope they have no Aime
To take Advantage of our fight, or keepe
Themselves Spectatours 'till both Armies have
Weaken'd Themselves, and then ore'come the Victours.
I would be loath to have it said in story,
We were subdu'd by Women with one Breast.
And it would trouble me to see my selfe
Led Captive; And transported to a Land
Where I must propagate at the mercy of
Those who did take me prisoner; And get Children
By th' night, and taske, upon my *Conquerours.*
Theag. Beleiv't their project is lesse politicke.
You heare the Errand they come for is to
Lye with us in our Land. *Mel:* Still 'tis strange
They should so quickly open, And reveale
Themselves so easy; so prepared, as these
Three make 'em. *Theag:* Pray Heaven, my Lord, our Ladies
Show not themselves as easy, and as pliant,
Ith' other *Campe.* 'Tis true indeed, their case
Is not the same. They've had no Dearth of Husbands,
Which should invite 'em to require Releise
From th' Enemy. But if they should conclude

A peace

A peace for us; And if one of the Articles
Be, to give something they can spare, and we
Not misse, we cannot helpe it if they show
Themselves good patriots; And preferre their *Country*
Before our private *Interests*; or their
More private *Honesties*. *Mel*: True; 'Tis but loosing
A little *Honour* for the *publique Good*;
And *Honours* but a Word; We shall not be
Impoverisht by the losse. All parts in Women
Are like their lippes; And lippes you know are Springs.
If a whole Army quench their Thirst there, still
As much is left as taken; The first stocke *Ent. Menal.*
Remaines entire. *Theag*. My Lord, Behold; what say *Marth*,
You to a Message now? *Mel*: I'me now confirm'd.
Men: Are you my Lord *Theagines*? *Theag*: Yes Lady.
Marth: And you my Lord *Meleager*? *Mel*: 'Tis my name.
Men: Y'are oth' *Bedchamber* to th' *King*? *Mel*: We are so.
They have had good Intelligence. *Marth*: Our Ladies
Hearing y'are noble, and delighting much
In persons valiant, and of great Action, (as
They are informed you are) will take it for
An honour, if you will vouchsafe to be
Oth' *Bedchamber* to them too, for the space
Of a short visit. *Men* They say they doe long,
Long, very much t'impart a businesse to you.
Thea: You doe not know what 'tis? *Men*. Sir, it requires
The secrecy of their Tents to know it. *Mel*: When
Pray, is the time they'd be at leisure, Ladies,
For us to waite upon 'em? *Marth*: At all times, Sir,
They say you cannot erre. Onely they will
Tak't as the greater favour, If to beguile
The tedious houres, with discourse of the *Ancients*,
And the Comparison of *Womens* deeds,
With those of *Men*, you will divide your Nights,
Sometimes with them. *Men*: But cheifly, they desire
You would now come along with us. *Thea*. My Lord,
What would come on't if we Two should suppose
Our selves unmarried? Our Wives when we next meet,

(If

If before hand they not requite us) will
Finde us whole Husbands. *Mel:* I am resolv'd to make
Use of the Opportunity. The worst
That can befall us, if our Ladies know it,
Is to seale mutuall pardons. *Theag:* Come, Ladies, you
Shall be our Clue to guide us. *Men:* We will lead you
Into a pleasing *Labarynth*. *Mel:* 'Twill be
Our wish to be lost in such Company.

ACTVS IV. SCÆNA I.

Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thelestris.

Rox: Come, Sir, wee are resolved, if't be ith' power
Of Ladies to effect it, to cure you of
Your sadnesse, you no longer shall afflict
Us and your selfe with melancholly. It does not
Show princely in you, thus to enthrall your selfe
To th' Memory of a *Woman*. We thought to finde you
A Warriour; One in whose stout brest so poore
So effœminate a thing as Love, or the
Losse of a Mistresse, would have past among
Those ordinary Cares, which are at once
Consider'd and forgotten. *Bars:* 'Tis for subjects
To affect Constancy, or melt and pine,
And breath themselves away ith' Contemplation
Of those they Love; Or to affect Lone walkes,
There raise an *Idoll* to themselves, And then
Fall downe and worship it. Y'have turn'd your *Campe*
Into a *Cloyster*, Sir. And are retir'd
Ith' mid'st of *Legions*. Nor can we imagine
We have your Company, when present with us,
Your thoughts are so away. *Arch:* Had you e're seene
The wondrous *object* that attracts them, or
Discern'd the secret *influences*, which
Passe from her soule to mine, and mingled there,
In one strict union, at this distance make us
So much each others as to have no power

T'untwist

T'untwist our selves, or have the leisure to
Looke towards ought which weares not her faire shape
To me, or mine to her, you might as well
Condition with the passive *Iron* not
To turne to th' *Loadstone*; Or chide the *Needle* for
Moving towards the bright *pole*, as accuse me
For thinking on *Roxane*. I confesse,
Bright *Princesses*, 'Tis Love that makes me rude;
And but I hope you have brought pardons with you,
And can forgive one robb'd of his free selfe,
Nor left to his owne Carriage; I should count
Those Houres which I have stollen from *you*, to pay
Devotion unto *Her*, a Sacriledge
Committed 'gainst your Beauties; Or a Theft,
Which doth take Worship from one *Goddesse* to
Consume it on *Another*. *Rox.* Wee'l allow
Roxane, Sir, (For so I doe perceive
You call your *Princesse*) To be all that a *Prince*
In Love can fancy faire, or amiable;
(Yet I must tell you too, Love's a falseglasse,
Which still showes things much fairer then they are.)
Wee'l grant all your Descriptions true, that to
Her Faireneese she hath Virtues, which doe adde
A Beauty to her Beauty, and render her
One, pure, through, rich *Gemme*, which entirely is
Nothing but *Worth* and *Luster*; yet if this *Gemme*
Be dropt into the Sea, or lost ith' vast
Chaos of Waves, will you make warre with Nature,
Or force the *Ocean* to restore your *Jewell*
Made Irrecoverable? *Arch.* Doe you then looke
Upon my losse no otherwise? *Rox.* Not, when
I weigh her Brothers power; Th'uncertaine Chances
Of Warres like this; The many Subjects lives,
Which must be sacrific'd to her recovery.
The most you can expect if you prevaile,
Is that your *Nuptialls* should be mixt with *slaughters*;
And that your *Marriage Tapers* should be kindl'd
From funerall *pile*s. And so *Roxanes* Wedding,

Thus raviſh't to and fro, like *Proſerpines*,
Ith' under World, be kept 'mongſt Ghoſts and ſhades.
Barſ: Beſides, how are you ſure your conſtancy
Is anſwer'd, Sir, with conſtancy? Our hearts
Are changeable; nor do I ſee why *Princes*
Should be leſſe fraile then others, who confine
Affection to the ſight, ſince *Love's* a *fire*
Which doth not onely languiſh, and goe out,
Where fuell is ſubſtracted, But is kept burning
Onely ith' preſence of another *fire*.
Arch: Ile rather thinke nature can change her Courſe,
Rivers run backwards from the Ocean,
Things heavy can fly up, and light fall downe;
Or that the Heavenly Orbes can vary, and
By ſhuffling of themſelves, the higher with lower,
Looſe their firſt Order, and in this confuſion
Wheele round in Diſcord, as before in Muſicke,
Then ſhe can ceaſe to Love me. *Roxane* is
To me a *Veſtall*, and I one to her;
There's but one holy flame betweene us, which
Cannot expire but with our ſelves. *Rox:* But you'l
Allow there may, Sir, be degrees in Love;
And that a leſſer fire ought to give way
In juſtice to a greater; And though not quench't,
Yeild it ſelfe ſwallowed by it. *Arch:* Madam, pray
Explaine your ſelfe. *Rox:* Say, then, *Archidamus*,
(For now I will be free) there ſhould be thoſe,
Who though they bring no bright Starres in their eyes,
Or ſuch charmes in their faces, as *Roxane*,
(Which to affect, were to take fire from lookes,
And love by th' ſenſe, and outſide, not by th' minde.)
Yet being of equall birth, of as great vertues,
Of greater Dowries, (For thoſe I ſpeake of
Do with a *Kingdome* bring their *Conqueſts* too)
But above all (for they dare ſtrive here, and
Account themſelves ſuperiour) ſay they ſhould bring
Greater Affection; And to ſhew
No longer able to conceale the:

Should lay aſide their *Sex*, and Act your part,
And tell you that they love you; Would ſuch deſerve
A repulſe from you? Or could you, Sir, to gaine
The name and ſtile of Conſtant unto one,
Be unjuſt to two? And not repay their flame
With ſuch another? *Arch*: There can be no ſuch, Madam.
Barſ: Without more Cloudes, ſay, Sir, we be thoſe two?
Arch: You, Ladies? You are fit to conquer *Princes*;
And t'have the *Gods* ſteale downe in varied ſhapes,
To beget *Hero's* on you, and *halfe Gods*;
Not to betray ſuch weake affections, as
To ſue to thoſe who do adore you. Beſides,
You two admit no choice, where both are equall,
Both *Twinnes* in their perfections, as in birth,
Unleſſe I could divide my ſelfe, and be
Two to you *Two*. (for here is no election
Of one without wrong to the other) And
Could multiply my ſelfe into a number,
How can I anſwer both? *Rox*: By chooſing one.
We are agreed betweene our ſelves; ſhe that's
Refus'd, ſhall home, and weare the Crowne, the other
Stay here and be your *Queene*. *Arch*: O Love! why as
Thou doſt weave knots, doeſt thou not teach a way
How to unty them too? I do confeſſe
My ſelfe loſt in a ſweet perplexity.
I'me now the *Prince* 'fore whom three *Goddeſſes*
Strove for the *Golden Ball*, or which ſhould be
Preferr'd for Beauty. When I do conſider
Your ſeverall ſhapes, I am ſnatch't ſeverall wayes;
And am at once three Lovers. If I therefore,
Amidſt ſuch equall merits, can't make choice
Of one before the other, 'Tis becauſe
I am not blinde. Where Objects are alike
Faire, and diſtracting, He muſt want his eyes
Who doth preferre. *Rox*: Wee'l give you this nights reſpite
To thinke upon election. Meane time, Sir,
There's a ſhort Banquet waites you at our Tent.
Arch: You'l be the Muſicke to it. *Orith*: Madam,

Now your *Play's* done, ours will begin; we doe
Onely want ſtage room. *Barſ.* Look you play your parts well.
Thal: As well as our *Hypocriſie* & *falſe faces*
Will give us leave.
——— *Orithya*, what d'you thinke
Oth' *Prince's* Conſtancy? ſhould he be tempted
To leave *Roxane* for *Roxane*, and make
Choyce of the Diſguiſed for the true, 'twould prove
A fine Ginne laid to prove men fraile, and ſubject
To our Infirmities. *Orith.* I know not how
This tedious *Scœne* of Love hath wrought on him;
But it to me was *Opium*, and raiſed ſlumber.
A Gentle murmure did glide by my eares
Like the ſoft fall of Streames. A little more
Of ſuch ſlight, aëry ſtuffe, had bound my ſenſes
Up in a perfect ſleepe. *Thal.* I did obſerve
The Onſets, & Replyes too; Methought they ran
In *Artops* & *Neanders* candid ſtile,
When they doe court our *Women* in *Milke-verſe*,
Or tell them Newes or Stories in *Sonnet proſe*.
I ſhould ne're be thus cruell to him I love,
To ſhow him ſhades in ſtead of ſubſtance; 'Tis,
Methinkes, embracing *Clouds*.

SCÆNA. II.

To them *Menalippe*, *Martheſia*. Lights, and a Banquet follow.

Men. ——— Madam, your great Deſigne
Goes rarely on. Your *Lords* are come, and are
Diſpoſing of their *Ambuſh*. *Orith:* And have you, *Menalippe*,
Beſpoke the falſe Alarme at the juſt houre?
Men: Clockes ſtrike not dulier after Quarters, Madam,
Then our ſhe Drummer will obſerve her Cue, (nell
And make things dreadfull. *Thal:* *Martheſia*, ſtand you Sen-
Againſt they come. *Mar.* Troth, Madam, 'tis to me
A Comœdy before hand to imagine

How

How they will beare th'affright. *Men.* Methinkes I see 'em
Rolling themselves up in their owne gold Lace,
Like Urchines in their prickles; Or wishing to
Exchange place with their swords, and case themselves
In their owne scabberds. *Mar.* Stand; who comes there?
Thal: There they are; Goe *Menalippe* bid the *Lords*
With their stout *Squadron*, observe their *Entrances*.

Exit Menal.

SCÆNA III.

To them at doore first, afterwards enter'd *Call: Neand: Art:*

Call. You'l not exact the *Word* of us, I hope,
My pretty *Perdue Virgin*; if you doe,
Pray call your *Corporall*. *Neand:* We doe not come
As Spyes; If you suspect, commit us to
Your Ladies. *Art.* Or else keepe us prisoners in
Your Corpes of *Guard*, till they release us. *Marth.* Now,
I know y'are freinds, you may passe. I was set
Here to attend your coming; To prevent
Your danger of mistaking the right *Tent*. (Ladies,
Call. We should have found that by *Instinct*. *Neand.* Bright
We have made bold to use the Liberty,
You gave us; And try what campe houres you keepe.
Art: I hope w'are not unseasonable; we
Came, Ladies, to keepe watch with you. *Orith.* The time
Orth' night addes to our visit; Had you come
By day, y'had brought but halfe your selves, and onely
Made visit to our eyes; where all that could
Have past, had beene to see, and to be seene.
Art: True, Ladies, whereas now you have us all;
And other Senses may be pleased too; And
Goe sharers with the sight. *Thal.* Besides, The *Day*
Turnes all Things into *Chrystall*, Sir; Our *Tents*
Had beene transparent, like their Silkes; And we
Had not beene private in our *Closets*. *Neand.* Right;
Whereas the *Night* turnes all Things into *Shade*;

And drawes *Jet* curtaines 'bout our pleasures; And
Makes a faire Lady invisible in ones Armes.
Orith: Will you vouchsafe to sit and taste of this
Slight *Banquet*, Gentlemen. *Call:* You make it *Three.*
Thal. You do not reckon us 'mongst *Marmalade,*
Quinces, and *Apricots?* or take us for
Ladies *preserved?* *Call:* No Ladies; yet I hope
'Tis no offence to say y'are each of you
A various Banquet, where a breathing sweetnesse
Feasts the Spectatours; And diverts all thought
Of eating to beholding; And from beholding
T'enjoying. *Neand:* All these do take value,
Not from the Art, which joyn'd to nature, made 'em,
But from you who bestow 'em. These *Cherries* do
Take Colour from your Lippes; This *Amber* casts
A perfume from your *Breath*; what ere's delightfull
In them reflects from you. *Art:* And least there should
Be Musicke wanting to this Banquet, when
You speake, the *Syrens* sing. *Orith:* Y'have brought, we see,
The art to flatter and dissemble with you.
Thal: I now begin to feare you. It can't be (dies?
You should thus faine and love us. *Neand:* Not love you, La-
Why what signes would you have? What is required
To Love which we would not performe? *Thal:* Would you
Fight for us, if need were? *Orith:* Or enter duell
In Defence of our *Honours?* *Neand:* Would we? By
This hand, should you command, we would, our selves
Alone, now venture on the *Thracian* Campe.
Call: Or presently send challenges to Nine
Of their best *Captaines*, to fight Three to One.
Art: We will do more then fight; with your faire leaves,
We will get *Fighters* on you. *Orith.* Is that your errand?
Art: That, and to helpe away the Solitude
And tediousnesse oth' night. *Thal:* Well, since we do
Beleeve you valiant, and worthy of our favours,
How will you order things? Three to two Women
Is one to much: *Orith.* One must stand out; unlesse
You'l take the *Centinell* in for a Third.

To

To men of yout indifferent purpoſes
It ſhould be all one; ſhe's of the right *Sex.*
Neand: We'l draw cuts who ſhall have her. What ſay you
My pretty *Diomed* oth' *Cawdles*, will you
For one night lay aſide your contemplations
How to take Towne in *Marchpane*; or expreſſe
The *Siege* of *Thebes*, or *Travels* of *Ulliſſes*
In *ſweet meats*, And make one of us? *Mar:* I'le take
My fortune Sir, *Neand:* *Artops*, She's yours; I did
Præſage thy melting Hymnes, and Straines, would end
In *a Corne-Cutter.* *Art.* She is not fifty Sir,
Nor I the fifteenth in ſucceſſion, to
A *Flavia*, who brings manchet to the Campe;
This is no *Sutlers wife.* *Thal:* Go wench prepare
The Beds. *Orith:* But ſhould you, now, reveale, or rumour
Your Entertainment. *Call:* Do you thinke us ill-bred Raſcals?
Fellowes that can't conceale? *Thal:* Or ſhould you tell
How kind, how free you found us, how we uſed you—
Ne. We'l rather cut our tongues out & live ſpeechles.
Ori: Hark, what meanes this? *Tha:* The Camp is up in Armes.

They draw Lots.

An Alarme within.

SCÆNA. IV.

To them Menalippe, and Marthefia, in ſhow frighted, Afterwards Theagines, and Meleager, at one Doore; Macrinus, Lacero, Serpix at another; all diſguis'd.

Men: Fly, Madams, fly, we are betrayed. *Mar:* The enemy
Hath ſeiz'd upon the *Works*; taken the *King*;
Burnt our *Queenes* Tent; ſlaine all the *Captaines*; and is
Now marching hither. *Orith:* Now ſhow your valours, And
Helpe to defend thoſe whom you Love. *Call.* Alas, Ladies;
You can fight for your ſelves. This is the firſt
Time we e're ſaw the *Field*. *Neand:* Alas what can
Three doe againſt an *Army*? *Thal:* Will you not
Then draw your weapons, But ſtand like *worſted Captaines*
In *Arras*? *Orith:* Will you let us and your ſelves
Be taken and make no reſiſtance? or will you

Be

Be killed like people in their sleepe? *Neand:* 'Lasse, Ladies,
What would you have us doe? we have beene borne
And bred in peace, and were ne're us'd to fighting.
Orith. O more then *Women Cowards*! And will you dye
Clashing of Swords within.
Like men oth' peace to? *Ar.* Hark, swords, swords; they come.
Thal. Why doe you quake? why doe you looke about you?
Would you faine hide your selves? *Art.* Hark swords again.
Orith. If you will, There's an old *Drum* yonder, with
One head, wee'l whelm it over you. *Art.* Thank you, Ladies.
Thal. Or packe you up in one oth' Waggons, with
A bare Hide over you, where you may passe
For *Cheese*, or *Ammunition*. *Call.* 'Twill doe well.
Men. Or, Madam, what if we pull'd downe our *Tents*,
And wrapt them up ith' *Curtaines*? *Neand.* 'Twill do better.
Theag. within. You Three take that way, we'l take this; slay all
Enter The: Mel: Mac: Lac: Serp:
That will not yeild. *Art.* Oh! here they come. *The* what? flying?
Taking wing? Seize these Captaines; And disarme 'em.
Mel. Ladies, we doe intend no warre against you.
Our Quarrels are with men. *Theag:* Doe they refuse?
They disarme 'em.
Show them Campe Law. *Call.* We doe not, Sir, there Freind,
There is my Sword. *Neand.* And there is mine; pray use
Me like a Gentleman. *Serp.* Come, Sir, you part
As slowly with your sword, as that with th' Scabberd.
Macr. Y'have no *Artillery* in your pocket, have you,
That will o'retake men at a Distance, and
Arrest 'em at *Fivescore*? *Nea.* Sure Freind there's all. Gentlemen,
The. Next blind their eies with their own scarfs. *Mac.* Hold Gentlemen.
Hold your heads faire, & shut your eyes, that we { *They*
May close 'em double. *Lac.* Stir not as you desire { *blind 'em.*
To keepe 'em in your Head, and not put out.
Call. We doe not, Sir. *Serp.* So; There's one Darkenesse more
Then that we caught you in. *Theag.* Now lead 'em bound
To th' other *Captives*; And attend the *Councell*
Of *Warre* with 'em ith' morning. *Mac.* Come Gentlemen.
Exeunt.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA. V.

Theagines, Meleager, Orithya, Thalaſtris, Menalippe, Martheſia.

Theag: Ladies, you ſee we've kept our Words; The Houres
Did fly with leaden Wings 'till we did earne
The ſweet Rewards y'have promiſed. *Mel:* Next unto
The thought of this nights Raptures, which you will
Inſpire into our ſoules, we doe take pleaſure
To be thought worthy to be Actours in
Your juſt revenge. *Orith:* My Lords, we looke on you
As thoſe we dare truſt; ſuch as underſtand
What Ladies favours are, How merited;
And withall, how to be concealed. Love hath
His *Myſteries*, as well as *ſhrines*, & *Temples*;
To which a *Secrecy* is due; And th'are
Profaned when publiſht. *Thal:* Beſides, you are our *Equals*;
And though we cannot call you Husbands, yet
To reape the fruit of Husbands from you, will be
No ſtaine, or blemiſh to us. But could you thinke us,
So vulgar, ſo indifferent, ſo hard driven,
In making our Elections, to defile
The *Honours* of our *Beds* with thoſe who next
Would finde us *Bodies*? *Orith:* Eſpecially, with thoſe
Who'd make our *Nights* the Diſcourſe of Their *Dayes*.
And ſo they might gaine credit by our favours,
Would proſtitute our *Fames*; And when They did not
Enjoy our perſons, would call't new pleaſures to
Lye with our *Reputations*. *Thal:* What would Theſe Three
Parcell-guilt, ſilken-Gentlemen have ſaid
Had They poſſeſt us, who ſo freely boaſted
The leave we gave them to make viſits to us?
As if to ſhow good breeding were a Crime;
Or to be Civill in a ſtrange place. *Theag:* True Ladies;
They ſaid you were the moſt ſtrange eaſy Things;
So inclining to Mankinde, as if you had

A purpose to disperse Bills through the Campe,
T' invite Men to your Lodgings; And would propose
Rewards to them who best performed. *Thal.* They said
You had two *Ladies* too, which did use painting;
And ne're wore their owne faces; But did vary
Shapes every Morning; And goe forth of their Closets
Things of their owne Creation. *Orith.* They left it
Doubtfull too, and to be suspected, as if
Your Ladies loved Plurality; And that they
At Court did goe halfe Husbands with you. *Mel.* Well,
Halfe our Revenge is past; The other Halfe
We will contrive betweene your Melting Armes.

Orith: You two sing us asleepe; And when y'have done,
Goe walke the Round, and see the Watch releived.

Exeunt.

The first Song, sung by Two Amazons.

(1)

Time is a feather'd Thing;
And whilest I praise
The sparklings of thy Lookes, and call them Rayes,
Takes Wing;
Leaving behind him as He flyes,
An unperceived Dimnesse in thine eyes.
His Minutes whil'st th'are told,
Doe make us old;
And every Sand of his fleet Glasse,
Increasing Age as it doth passe,
Insensibly sowes wrinkles there,
Where Flowers and Roses doe appeare.
Whilest we doe speake our fire
Doth into Ice expire.
Flames turne to Frost;
And e're we can
Know how our Crow turnes Swan,
Or how a Silver Snow

Springs

Springs there where Jet did grow,
Our fading Spring is in dull Winter loſt.

(2)

Since, then, the Night hath hurl'd
Darkneſſe, Loves ſhade,
Over its Enemy the Day, and made
The World,
Juſt ſuch a blind and ſhapeleſſe Thing,
As 'twas before Light did from Darkneſſe ſpring;
Let us imploy its treaſure,
And make ſhade pleaſure;
Let's number out the Houres by Bliſſes,
And count the Minutes by our Kiſſes.
Let the Heavens new Motions feele;
And by our Imbraces wheele.
And whil'ſt we try the Way,
By which Love doth convey
Soule into Soule;
And mingling ſo,
Makes them ſuch Raptures know,
As makes them entranced lye
In mutuall Extaſy:
Let the Harmonious Spheares in Muſicke rowle.

Ex: Men: & Marth:

SCÆNA. VI.

Having changed Clothes to their Doublets,
Enter *Callias, Neander, Artops.*
Their eyes blinded with blacke patches; led by
Macrinus, Lacero, Serpix.

Maer: Come Gentlemen, Without Reſiſtance now
Diſrobe your upper parts. What's wanting in
Good Clothes, your patience muſt ſupply. *Lac*: Good Troth
Your *Doublets* ſuite not with your *Breeches*; Rents

To Rents, And Ragges to Ragges is fashionable.
But as y'are now you looke like Men of *Gold*
Creeping forth of your *Oare*; And are the *Emblems*
Of that *State* which does know no middle Subjects,
But is compos'd wholly of *Lords* and *Beggers.*
Call: Well, Sir, Necessity which made you feed
The Numerous Thracians, which now feed on me
In these your *Breeches*, And draw bloud, which is
Against *Campe Law*, does here perswade me to
Resigne my *Doublet*; pray shake yours, Sir. *Neand:* There,
My Freind, who e're you are, There is whole plunder.
Pray, if you can, spare me a *Doublet* which
Hath *Linings* in't, and no *Glasse Windowes.* For, if
My *feeling* doe not faile me with my *sight*,
Your *Nether Garment* is halfe *Net*, halfe *Breeches*;
And Statutably will catch *Greater Fish*,
And let *small* passe, as well as cloth. *Lac:* Troth, Sir,
You shall e'en have 'em as I wore 'em, fellowes;
They were New once; It was not in my power
To keepe them at a stand, by Miracle.
Time which devour'd his *Children*, will eate *Holes*, *Sir.*
Art: Stay, stay, stay, stay Freind: Sure you must release
My eyes, to see to put your *Vesture* on right.
Serp: I warrant you, Sir. *Art:* So; There is one Arme
Past through a *Labyrinth.* I doe expect
The Other should be lost by th' way. This *Jerkin*
Is wholly made of *Doores*; And had need have
A *Thread* belong to it. *Serp:* Now 'tis on, Sir. *Art.* Thank you.
Y'are sure y'have not mistaken? *Serp.* How d'you meane?
Art: I meane your *Breeches* for your *Doublet*; As being
Indifferent in their use, which should be worne
Above, and which below? *Serp.* All's right, Beleive it, Sir.
Mac: Next, Gentlemen, you must once more submit
Your Armes to these *Hempe prisons.* No striving; You
Know where you are. *Call.* Sir, we are tame; y'have made us
So by the Imprisonment of our Legges already.
But if our Elbowes doe breake *prison*, pray
Impute it to the *loosenesse* of your *buildings.*

They change Doublets.

They pinion them.

Lac:

Lac: So; Now y'are All Compleate; you look't before
Like *Him* who first invented *Coaches*, to hide
His double Making; Who was downwards *Serpent*,
Upwards a well shap't *Man*. *Serp.* Good troth, Me thought,
Your *Nether parts* lookt as They would petition
Your *Upper* for an Almes; Or else, as if
You had 'bove *Girdle* beene the *Founders*, and
Below, the *Hospitall*. *Call:* Well, Freinds, you may
Laugh at our Miseries, and raise sport from
Your torne Exchanges. But is this noble usage
Of Souldiers unto Souldiers, thus to strippe us?
Mac: When we take *sheepe* with golden *Fleeces*, 'Tis
Our Custome to returne *Wool* for their *Plate*.
Lac: We doe not strippe you, but change Cases: Clothes
For Clothes was still held honourable. *Neand:* And now,
In troth, most Worthy Captaines, (For we have
Created you) what's your Intent? what will you
Doe with us thus reduced to Totters? *Mac:* That
Is as the Councell shall determine. Perhaps,
Imploy you in our Workes to digge: And there
Worke out your *Ransomes*, 'till the Warre be ended,
As *pioners*. *Neand:* Must we rowle Wheele-barrowes?
Or manage Spades, and Mattockes then? And earne
Our bread and water with the Picke-Axe? *Serp:* Perhaps,
We shall obtaine you outright for our *Slaves*.
Then having mark't you, to be knowne our *Bond-men*,
We will transport you home to *Thrace*, and there
Make sale of you in some publique Market: you'l
Be vendible Commodities. Perhaps,
Some who have store of Wives will buy you to
Make *Eunuches* of, and geld you. *Mac:* Or perhaps
Some Ancient Widdowes, long past bearing, will
Buy you for their owne private use. *Lac:* Or else,
Perhaps, to make short worke, The *Councell* will
Condemne you to the *Gallies*, There to row
Your Dayes out 'gainst the *Persian*; or fetch Corne
Monthly from *Ægypt*: Sugar from *Creet*: or Spunges
From *Samos*. *Art:* And our Wages be to feele

The ſcourge about our ſhoulders if the Winde
Sit oppoſite, & we can't row. *Lac*: There muſt
Be ſuch corrections, to quicken Diligence.
Call. Pray as y'are noble, and know how to pity
Humane Misfortunes, let us aske one Queſtion.
Mac: As many as you pleaſe. *Call.* If by Starre-light
You can diſcerne ſo farre, How farre are we
From a Tall *Oake*, which may be clymb'd by ſuch
Ivyes as we? Or a ſtraight *Elme*, which may
Support th' Imbraces of ſuch *Vines*? *Mac*: Why aske you?
Call: Becauſe if any ſuch kinde naturall plant
Be neare, we would intreat you not t'omit
The Opportunity; But to prevent
Our Greater by leſſe ſufferings, would imploy
Thoſe Cords which binde our Armes, about our Necks,
And hang us up by *Mooneſhine*. *Mac*: Alas, ſuch favours
Are not in our powers. If it be your fate
So to be ſentenc'd, we will doe you all
The freindly Offices we can. *Call*: We thanke you.
Lac: Meane time, perhaps, to you 'tis Midnight, Gentlemen
No Sunne appeares to you: But to us Day breakes.
We will conduct you to the place where you
Shall know your Doomes. Pray follow leiſurely,
And doe not ſtumble. *Neand*: If't be our Deſtiny
To dye by th'*ſtring*, the comfort is w'are *Three*.

ACTVS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter *Theagines* and *Meleager* buttoning themſelves. After a while followed by *Orithya* and *Thaleſtria*.

Theag: In my opinion, my Lord, theſe are
The ſtrangeſt *Amazons* that ever left
Their *female* Countrey for the uſe of Men.
How did you finde yours? Mine had *Breaſts*. *Mel*. Troth (mine,
I thinke hath ſcap'd the raſour too; I had
No leiſure to examine parts. I found
No defects in her; But methought ſhe was

To

To me a whole and perfect *Woman*; I'me sure
She found me an entire and perfect *Man*.
Theag: There's a strange sweetnesse in them; how they melt
Betweene ones Armes, and call one Husband? *Mel*: I
Thought mine would have fullfill'd the *Fable*, where
The *Nymph* dissolv'd into a *Fountaine*. *Theag*: But
How will our *Ladies* brooke this if they know it?
Mel: How? Thanke us for being Civill unto *Ladies*.
Would they be willing these should report us *Clownes*?
Or Men void of *Humanity*, at their
Returne home to their Countrey. *Theag*: 'Tis true; had we
Dismist them as they came, both to our shame,
And shame of our posterity, they might
Record us Impotent in *Chronicle*;
Or say they were receiv'd *Women* by *Women*. {*Enter Orith. Thal.*
Mel. Here they come. Ladies, you appeare to us
Like Two *Sunne-risings* breaking from your *Curtaines*.
Theag: The *Day* 'till now was not begun; you make
The *Morning*, which enables us to see
Those Beauties by their owne light, which did turne
The Darkenesse of the Night into such pleasure,
As happy Lovers doe enjoy below,
In their *Elysian* Feilds. *Orith*: Fye, fye, my Lords,
Is this your recompence to mocke us for
Having bad faces? *Thal*: 'Cause Nature play'd the Stepdame,
And made us not of the same Orient matter
Of which she fram'd your *Ladies*; Must you adde
Your flouts to her hard Workmanship? *Theag*: 'Fore Heaven
I could for ever gaze on your faire *eyes*.
'Tis Heaven, where e're I may behold your faces;
Y'are wholly made of charme. *Mel*: You are two *Circes*,
Two amiable *Conjurers*; Once gotten
Into your *Circle*, there's no getting out:
A Thousand *Graces* play upon your lips,
And every Kisse is a new *Syren*, which
Invites us to take more, and there to fix,
Till they grow Infinite. *Theag*: Then for your beds,
They are two *Phœnix Nests* which breath perfumes;

You

You roſe from us, to Day, as *Spice* from *Altars*,
Two perfect *Sacrifices* *Orith.* Well, ſince you will
Needs put great value on ſlight favours, we
Shall know how you eſteeme us by your viſits
In this kinde often. *Thal.* Next, That you may perceive
What Confidence we dare put in you; And
How ill it would become us to admit
You to our *Beds*, and ſhut you from our *Counſels*:
Know that this Day, if you doe not prevent it,
Your *Campe* will be betray'd to th'Enemy.
Theag: How Ladies? 'Tis not poſſible; pray who
Should be the *Traitors*? *Orith*: Our *Princeſſe*, and her *Siſter*.
You ſtand amazed now. *Theag.* Troth it ſtirres my wonder,
Treaſon ſhould lodge in ſuch fair Lookes. *Thal.* Theſe Lookes
Are, Sir, the Cauſe, and Ground of what we tell you.
Your King ignobly did refuſe them, when
They fell below Themſelves, and wooed Him. *Orith.* Which
Being knowne to th' *Prince* of *Thrace*, he joining Love
To their Revenge, hath frequently ſtolne hither
In a Diſguiſe, and courted, & prevailed.
This Morning is appointed as the laſt
Time of their Interveiwes, before the Nuptialls.
Thal. 'Tis too concluded, Sir, He ſhall reſtore
Your *Princeſſe*, (For He ſayes, To force Affection,
Were to wedde halfe a *Queene*, and match her *Body*
Without her *Soule*; Nor can the Marriage be
Perfect where *Mindes* joine not as well as *hands*,
And have their Knot too) And in her ſtead ſhall
Make choice of one of ours. *Orith.* Then for
Roxane, Hee'l tranſport her backe, as ſcorning
To match there where Himſelfe hath beene refuſed.
And for the Carriage of all this, 'Tis Order'd
That when the Battles joine, we, on the Word,
And Signe given, ſhall revolt, and turne to that ſide.
Mel. You have made great Diſcoveries. *Theag.* Who is this?
Eurymedon paſſeth by.
Orith. Now truſt your owne eyes; That's *Eurymedon*,
Going to our *Queenes Tent*. Make what wiſe uſe

Of

Of this you pleaſe. And ſay you have not loſt
By th'Company of Ladies. *Theag.* We looke upon you
As the preſervers of our Countrey. *Mel.* We } *Ent. Menalippe*
Will erect Sacred *Statues* to you, as } *& Martheſia.*
To th' *Tutelar Deities* that ſaved us. *Men.* Madam,
Here is the ſecond part oth' *Comœdy.*
The Souldiers are come with their priſoners:
The ſtrangeſt ſpectacle—*Orith.* Why, what's the Matter?
Mar. Unleſſe it were the *Farſe*, where the *Decayes*
Of *Time* are acted, I never ſaw three men
So made of Ragges. The Souldiers have changed Clothes,
And plunder'd 'em. *Thal.* Go bid 'em enter. *Mel.* Come Ladies
Wee'l make two in your *Councell*, And then to th'King.

SCÆNA II.

To them *Callias*, *Neander*, *Artops*: (Led by *Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix*.

Macr. Come Gentlemen, now ſtand in Ranke, and keep
Due Diſtance from the *Lords*; Leſt there paſſe from you
A creeping Entercourſe, which may diſturbe
The ſitting of the *Court*. *Theag.* Are theſe the *Captaines*
You tooke laſt Night? *Mac:* Theſe are the Three *Commanders*
An't pleaſe your *Lordſhips*; who have ſince chang'd *ſhapes*
With us their *Conquerours*. *Mel.* Indeed They looke
As if They lately had beene in a *Fight*;
Their *Garments* doe want *Surgeons*. What's your name?
Cal: Callias Me. What's yours? *Ne: Neander. Me.* What's yours?
Theag. I do remember you; you were imploy'd (*Art: Artops.*
In our late *Civill Warres*, by the factious Members
Of our *Synedrium*, when they arm'd their *ſlaves*,
And made their *Bondmen Curiaſſeirs* againſt
Th' *Equeſtrall Order*; And did enact it lawfull
Ith' *Kings* Name to take Armes againſt Him; And
Out of Obedience to Him to rebell.
And 'mongſt their other Wilde and furious *Votes*,
Decreed it lawfull, for the *Good* oth' Subject,

To rifle their *Estates*, slaughter their *persons*;
Ravish their *Wives*, and to defloure their *Daughters*.
Mel. Are these the Three, who helpt to make war 'gainst
Our *Gods*? And to reforme their *Temples*, did
Deface their *Altars*? And called it sacrifice
To robbe Them of their *Incense*, And pull downe
Their *Images*? And did erect strange *Preists*,
Taken from *Awles* and *Anvills*, to deliver
False *Oracles* unto the *people*? *Theag*: These
Sir, are the Three. *Mel*: Apply the Racke to them,
To force true Answers from them to our Questions.
Call. Pray hold, pray hold, Freinds. Alas, My Lords, we are not
The men you meane. We ne're saw *Warres* before,
Civill, or *Forraigne*; Nor ever were beyond
Our owne Coasts yet. *Neand*. Nor do we understand
What your *Synedrium* is, unlesse it be
Your *Mayor* and *Senate* of *Bizantium*.
Who, as we heare, once in an age runne madde;
And then talke Idly, of nought but *Liberty*;
Changing of *Government*; The fatall *periods*
Of *States* and *Kingdomes*; How They may coine new *Gods*,
And new *Religions*. *Art*: They may *vote* twice *two Thirty*:
Or their owne *Scarlet's gray*; Or *Thracians*, *Scythians*;
Or that They not rebell against your *King*,
When in a popular fury They cast off
The yoke of Subjects, For any aide They e're (selves
Received from us. *Theag*. Well, since y'have cleared your
Of that great Doubt; Resolve us then, what makes
The *Queene* of *Amazons* among you? *Call*: What made
Her *Grandmother* in *Alexanders* Army?
She comes to show Her selfe her *Neece*, To fight,
And to have *Amazons* begot upon her.
Neand. Had these not interrupted us, we should
By this have knowne whither her *Ladies* came
For the same businesse. *Mel*. That Sir is presum'd;
Subjects are bound to imitate their *Princes*.
Theag: Next, what are your Designes? we heare you mean
This Day to give us Battle. *Call*. For our Designes,

Some

Some say you have tame *pidgeons*, taught to fly
With *Newes* and *Letters*, betwixt *Campe* and *Campe*;
Whereby our *Counsels* are no sooner hatcht,
But They take Wing to you. *Neand.* Others affirme,
You have your Multiplying *Instruments*,
Which take our *Truthes* at one end, and, like *Glasses*,
Show Them in various *shapes* to th' people; And
Returne your *Monsters* to us at the Other,
In *shapes* more various and prodigious,
To fright us, as the *Barbarous* did of old,
With *Elephants*, and *Castles* in the Aire;
And such like Expeditions; which once knowne,
Looke bigge, and are despised. *Art.* Then for the battle,
This is the Day for our New *Legions*
To be brought in; which when They come; Our *King*
Intends to stake his *Kingdome* 'gainst your *Princesse*:
The *Conquerour* take both. *Mel.* This is a playnesse,
Which does show generous in you. Lastly, therefore
As you'l avoide the Tortures of the Wheele,
Or Racke, in Questions of this moment; Tell us,
What *Officers* have you that may be bought,
To let us have good penny-worths, if we
Should have occasion to joine Art to Armes,
And chaffer for a *Castle*, *Fort*, or *Towne*,
Or a *Defeate*, or so? How's your *Prince* guarded?

Call. As a *Prince* should be, by *Gentlemen*; whose *Lives*
Are cheaper to them then their *Honours*; And
More cheaply to be purchast from Them. Men
Who'd looke on Tempters, as New Enemies;
And think't New Justice added to their Cause,
To fight 'gainst those who would corrupt 'em, Breifly,
Th'are Men who doe propose onely these two
Brave Ends unto Themselves, to dye, and to
Be Loyall to their Prince; About whose person
Their *Valours* make one *Guard*, their *Loves* another.

Art. Some under *Officers* perhaps there may be,
Whose Trade & Occupation 'tis to Kill,
And to grow rich by *Slaughters*; Vile *Market Spirits*,

Who doe not fight for *Fame*, or *Cauſe*. but thinke
That ſide is moſt ith' Right which gives moſt *pay*,
And theſe Warres Juſteſt where there is moſt *plunder*:
Whom you may buy o're to your ſide, and we
Upon a New Sale, may buy backe againe.
You I beleive have ſome in your Campe too,
Who are like *Victory*; Hover a while
With doubtfull Wings betweene both Armies, and
At laſt forſake the weakeſt. *Theag*: Since y'have made
A free Confeſſion, wee'l now proceed unto
As free a Cenſure of you. My Lords, pronounce
Each in your order. *Orith*. My ſentence is, that ſince
They were caught in a Ladies Tent, at Houres
When all good Souldiers ſhould be on their Watches;
And ſince They were ſurprized, and no ſwords drawne:
(Which renders them uncapable of a
More Manly puniſhment) They be attir'd
In *Womens Cloathes*, and ſo led through the *Campe*
In triumph, then left to their *Ranſomes*. *Thal*. I
Concurre with you; But doe adde farther, that
In ſtead of *Ranſome*, in that Dreſſe They be
Returned to be Another ſhow of ſcorne
To their owne Army. *Theag*. What ſay you two? *Men*. We
Doe both agree in one breife *Vote*; which is,
That ſince we heare they boaſt of *Ladies favours*,
To which a gratefull ſpeechleſſeneſſe is due,
That firſt They have their Tongues cut out, and ſo
Made *Mutes*; Next, that they be gelt, and made *Eunuches*;
And thus diſabled from all what concernes
The Company of *Women*, but to keepe 'em;
That they be ſold to th' *Perſian*; who'l imploy 'em
With theſe Capacities in their *Seraglio's*.
Serp. You ſee we told you true. *Call*. Pray, pray my Lords,
Reverſe this cruell ſentence. Rather let us
Be dreſt like *Women*, then be made no *Men*.
Neand. Rather cut off our *Heads*, then *Tongues*; and make us
Mutes that way. *Mel*. To which of us doe you ſpeake?
Neand. To the *Lords* with the *treble voyces*. *Mel*. Well,
Though

Though we might ſhew our rights of *Conqueſt* on you,
And yet proceed to harder *Doomes*; ſince *victours*
Cannot be cruell, where the worſt is lawfull;
Yet if you'l ſweare never hereafter to
Beare Armes againſt us, with your eyes we will
Reſtore you to your *Liberty*. *Art*: Let's ſweare;
'Twilbe a fine excuſe to keepe's from fighting. (all
Call: We ſweare. *Mel*: By our *Gods* or your own? *Call*: By
Our *Country Gods* we'l neare beare armes againſt you. (me
Mel: You take the ſame oath? *Nean*: Yes. *Art*: If you'l have
I'le ſweare by all your *Gods* too, you ſhall never
Take me in armes againſt you. *The*. Perhaps you will } *They unbind 'em.*
Outrun your followers. Now unbinde 'em; next
They unblinde 'em.
Give 'em their ſight. *Orith*. Ha, ha, ha, Looke how meekely,
And peaceably they looke? *Thal*: what a *Tranquillity*,
And harmleſſe *Calme* is in their *Countenances*?
Men. How *undiſturb'd* they beare this? How *ſerenely*?
As if they were at Truce with all the world.
Mar who would not be a *Coward*, to be endu'd
With ſuch a guift of *Patience*? *Theag*: Gentlemen,
Having ſo amply teſtified your valors
To us, and theſe faire Ladies, We'l report
Your *Chievalry* to th'King. Meane time we leave you
To you ſtout *Reſolutions*, and *Chronicle*,
To be ſet forth in *Epicke Meeter* on you.
Mel: Farewell brave *Champions*; Take heed your examples
Do not infect your *Companions*. *Orith*: Pray, when
You have ſpare houres, and are returnd unto
Your Courages, let us once more partake
Of your defences at our *Tent*. *Thal*: And as
You finde us free, and yeilding, pray for our
Sakes, and your own, conceale your Entertainment.
Exeunt. (dangers
Men: Pray keep your ſelves whole men. *Mar*: And ſafe from
Mac: Captaines we have our pay a month before hand.
We'l take leave too, and returne to our poſtures.
Call: Pray ſtay. pray ſtay; Is not your name *Macrinus*?
Mac: Yes Sir. *Nean*: Yours *Lacero* I take it? *Lac*: True Sir.

Call. And you are *Lantſpeſado Serpix? Serp.* Sir,
I ſhould deny my ſelfe elſe. *Neand.* And 'tis thought
Theſe are your *Breeches? Lac.* We confeſſe it; And
Theſe yours, and *Doublets Mac:* Troth we know you ſcorne
To weare 'em after us; or to put on
Clothes which you once caſt off. *Serp.* Adiew ſweet Captains;
We will report your Bounty to the Campe.
Lacer. And ſhow how you have guilded us, and made us
Three Compleate *Gentlemen* of your *Companies.*

Exeunt.

SCÆNA III.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. Neander? Neand. Hum. *Call.* Was this a *Dream*, & did
All theſe appeare to us in our *ſleepe?* or waſt
A reall *viſion? Neand.* Why doe you aske?
Call. Becauſe, if it were reall, I expect
That paſſages ſo fit for Hiſtory,
Shall not ſcape *Mercuries* or *Scout-Gazetes;*
But ſhortly be recorded with the Deedes
Of *Democraticke John*, or the *Red-nos'd Burgeſſe,*
Who enacts *Ordinances* in *Sacke;* Or with
The Life and Death of *preaching Nol*, and *Rowland.*
Neand. If we ſcape raſcall poetry I care not.
All my feare is, leſt He who carved the *Embleme*
Of the *Oxe* with foure Hornes, ſpitting fire, like one
Oth' Bulls which *Jaſon* conquer'd, ſhould cut us
With Wings, in moſt vile libell figure, flying,
Like *Owles* by Twilight, and moultring theſe our feathers,
Before two *ſhe Kites*, following us with *Quivers.*
Call: True; And then *Piſtoclerus*, who lives by
His yearely Gifts in ſcraping verſe, and pictures,
T'expound this to the Multitude in Ballad,
Sung to the direfull Tune of *Orpheus* torne
By *Oyſter Wives. Neand. Artops*, Suppoſe this ſhould
Arrive to th'Knowledge of your browne Lycoris

Ith'

Ith' Suburbs? *Art*: Pray don't trouble me, I'me in
A serious Contemplation. *Neand.* What is't? *Art.* Why,
You'l needs know, 'Tis whither it be not fit
(To prove our selves no Cowards, and to show
How much we can slight Death in any shape)
That we should call our *Regiments* together;
Erect a handsome *Traverse*; Then desire
The Company They'd joine with us in one
Of *Homers Odes*, and after a short Confession,
Turne our selves off in Packthread. *Call*: Come, we must
Doe something to redeeme our Credits: The Boyes
Will else tye Squibbes behinde us, as we passe,
And make us walke the Streetes in *Fireworkes*.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA. IV.

Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene.

Eurym. Madam, you put too great names on my Visits,
To stile them meritorious Dangers. 'Tis
So little I have done, thus to adventure
To your faire presence, secur'd onely by
The weake vaile and cloud which I weare about me,
That this but rankes me yet 'mongst vulgar Lovers;
Who would doe much more for one fading *Kisse*,
Which dies in the fruition, and perishes
Whilest 'tis received, from her they love. *Bars.* But Sir,
So often to descend from your great Selfe,
Where once had beene enough to gaine a *Princesse*;
And to submit your selfe to this darke shade,
Which might betray you, and at best conceales you
But as *Eclipses* doe conceale the *Sun*;
Which when They hide, doe robbe him too, and take
His bright rayes from him; And all this to enjoy
The fraile Sight of a *Woman*, who returnes
You nought but Taske for Visit, and whose presence
Might it securely be possest, and you

Not

Not venture a *Captivity* as often
As you passe to and fro. at most can make
But this poore, short requitall, To be seene
Such as She is, one onely rich in promises,
Where She wants Treasures more Substantiall;
And those performed so much below the Receiver,
So apt to breed Repentance, as to deserve
Onely to passe 'mongst the Injuries of *Love*,
Is such a Nobleness, which first esteemes
And values Meane Things, whose Worth is *Opinion*,
And then findes Arguments to prize them, and
T'account them amiable: y'have added This
To my Releasement when I was your prisoner,
Still to proceed in the same generous errour;
Still to beleive me worthy to be loved,
As then to be surprized, and to be told so.

Enrym. You are the first, Most Gracious *Barsene*,
Who robbed Her selfe to make Another rich;
Or stript her selfe of her owne praises to
Adorne Anothers Wants, and then lookeon him
As a Thing Worthy to be valued. The *Gods*
When They returne a large and plenteous *vintage*
For a few Drops of *Wine* pour'd on their *Altars*:
Or doe repay a *Graine* or Two consumed
In *Sacrifice*, with a whole feild of *Incense*;
Or when They doe requite a *pilgrimage*
Made to their *Shrines*, with Answers which doe promise
More then the *Supplicant* or askes, or hopes for,
Are not more Bounteous, more free and liberall,
Then you; who thus doe glorifie what You
In Justice might despise; And call your owne
Perfections, which attract me to your presence,
Desert in me; Or thinke I merit, when
You make me happy. Nor can I count my visits
Among my Dangers, which are so much sweetned
By your Allowance of Them. If they be Dangers,
'Tis a felicity I covet to
Be allwayes neare my *Thraldome*. To be taken

Coming

Coming or Going, and held Captive, Will
Be such a suffering as will endeare it selfe;
And be one of my pleasures, when I thinke
For whose sake I'me a *Bondman*. *Bar*: But, Great Sir,
What can you see in me, besides a Minde
Willing to understand it selfe beloved,
And to returne Affection for Affection,
Which should expose you to these perils; And
Make't an *Adventure* every time you see me;
And your returne backe an *Escape*? *Eur*: I see
A forme more beautifull, more attracting, then
All those for which the King of *Gods* left *Heaven*.
And which t'enjoy, he rather chose to be
Transformed into a *Flame*, or spangled *showre*,
Then to remaine the Thunderer; And thought it
A happier shape to be a *Swanne*, then to
Be clothed with his owne *Lightning*. Should you set me
The taskes of *Hercules*, or bid me turne
Fable into story, and make his *Labours* mine;
Or should enjoyne me fights where th'enemy
Growes numerous from my Conquests. And multiplies
From every wound I give him; And having finisht
One *Labour*, should you straight prescribe another;
And make me so divide my life betweene
My *Love* and *Conflicts*; Such a reward as you,
Would be a greater recompence, then to
Be placed among the *Starres*, and there to shine
A *Constellation*, wreath'd about with my
Owne Victories; and glittering with the spoiles
I tooke from *Lyons*. *Rox*: Well, Sir, *Barsene* hath
Receiv'd so true, so full a Testimony
Both of your Love, and fortitude, that now
Nothing is wanting to put both you and us
In full possession of our wishes, but
The opportunity to reveale our selves
After the noblest manner. *Bar*: Your Taske is onely
To set your Army in Array, to joine
Battle with ours, that, from this shew of Warre,

We may at our Returne unto our selves,
The better raise a peace: And make an *Olive*
Spring from our *Mirtles*. Meane time I am your *Conquest*.
Eur. And I, who came a *Prince*, returne your *Captive*.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA V.

Archidamus, Lynceſtes, Polydamas, Theagines, Meleager.

Archid. My Lords, *Lynceſtes* and *Polydamas*,
You Two ſtoppe all the paſſages by which
The *Prince* of *Thrace* is to returne; That done,
Put the *new forces* you have brought in *poſture*,
And fit *Array*, if need be, to ſuppreſſe
All Campe *Commotions*. We are not ſafe 'mongſt *Women*.
Lync. It ſhall be done. *Arch.* And let th'old *Forces* be
In Readineſſe, if th' Adverſe Army doe
Invite us to joyne Battle, to entertaine it,
And meet them in the Feild. *Polyd.* It ſhall be Order'd.
Arch. But is it credible *Eurymedon*
Should have the Confidence to truſt Himſelfe
To a thinne weake *Diſguiſe*, and in a *Cloud*
So open and tranſparent, ſhould paſſe through
My *Campe*, on ſuch a treacherous Enterprize?
Theag. He's now Sit at the *Queenes* Tent, where they hold
A ſecret Conſultation. *Mel.* We ſaw him enter
Juſt at the Inſtant when two of her *Ladies*,
The One *Lieutenant-Generall* of the Army,
The Other *Lady-Marſhall* of the Feild,
Were telling us the plot. *Arch.* That 'tis concluded,
Roxane ſhall be carried backe to *Thrace*,
Barſene be reſtored (perhaps defiour'd)
And He to chooſe *Hyppolyta*, or her *Siſter*,
Inſtead of Mine to be his *Queene*! *Theag.* Yes, Sir,
They are indifferent, and are reſolved,
Since you refuſed 'em, to wedde by *Lottery*.

Of

Of which refusall they are so sensible,
That when both armies joine, 'tis too contriv'd,
(Which I do wonder they should, yet, discover)
The *Amazons*, upon the signe given, shall
Turne to the other side; And sacrifice
Your overthrow to their Revenge; Or what's
More to be feared, your *Kingdome* to their *Nuptialls*.

Mel: *Antiope*, the sister, wants a portion;
And if she bring your *Crowne*, and *Scepter* with her;
Or, if t'enlarge her Husbands *Territories*,
She adde yours to 'em, the Match will be more Princely,
And she appeare so much the more her selfe, Sir,
If she can raise a Dowry from your Conquest.

Arch: Oh the deceitfullnesse of Women! whose
Affection's like the Rainbow, can shew painted,
And Court us with a thousand Beauteous Colours,
Yet all this onely serve to guild a *Storme*;
And make a *Tempest* looke more flattering.
We must use Plot 'gainst Plot. To seize upon
The *Ladies*, were dishonourable; And
To take these *Captive* who are now our *Guests*,
(Though they deserve it, having forfeited
The Stile of *Friends* they brought, for *Enemies*)
Would be our blot in History. You two, therefore,
Seize on the *Prince* at his returne, His Ransome
Shall be the Restitution of our Ladies.

A Battle beaten within. Enter Macrinus. (Campes
Hark, what means this? *Macr.* Arme, arme your selves; Both
Are joined; And th'*Amazons* have put themselves
In Armes against us, 'Tis rumor'd through the Field,
To charge us in the *Reare*, The *Thracians*
In *Front*; and so t'encircle us in a
Parenthesis of Enemies, compos'd
Of *Men* before us, and *Women*, Sir, Behinde.

Arch: We'l to the field straight. O false Sex! The Winde
May be made constant, but not *Womankinde*.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA VI.

After a Battle beaten within, enter at one doore, in fighting postures, Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager. At the other Eurymedon, Clytus, Hippocles.

Arch: I'me glad I have met you out of *Cloudes*, in your
Owne *shape*, and like your selfe. Y'have hitherto
Obscur'd your selfe, in *Mistes*, of your owne raising
To play the Theefe in, since you landed falfe *Prince!*
Was't not enough you did pursue my *Queene*
With your unnecessary expedition;
And when our *Nuptiall Torch* was placed, and kindled
Upon the *Altar*. must then quench it, And
Like those who do robbe *Temples* (For to take her
Thus from me was plaine *Sacriledge*) must snatch her
Then backe againe, just when the *sacred Cake*
Was breaking 'twixt the *Flamens* hands, And all
The *Gods* of *Weddings* in their *Saffron Robes*,
But as part of your pyracy, and stealth,
(If yet the treacherous surprize of a
Weake Company of *Ladies* do deserve
A name not yet more Infamous) must joine
My *sister*, and the beauteous part of my
Whole *Court*, and *Kingdome* in the *Rape?* As if
You meant t'erect a new *Seraglio*, or
T'enlarge your old; And take them prisoners first,
Then use them 'mongst your other *prostitutes?*

Eurym: Is this all? *Arch:* There is one thing more. To shew
Your power upon that *Sex*, (which you, I see,
Have striv'd by all wayes to make yours, And, where
By force you could not, have conquer'd by *Petition*)
Was't not enough you did begin the Warre
In the surprize of *Ladies*, but that since
You must continue it by *Stratagem*,
More treacherous then the first? And in your falfe
And borrowed *shapes*, (In which you nightly have

Appeared

Appeared to the *Queene* of *Amazons*) must tempt
Her, and her Ladies from their pure Affections,
Which made them first resolve, wonne by the Justice,
And Goodnesse of my Cause, to fight for me,
Untill seduc'd they grew *Conspiratours*,
And did resolve to fight for you? Had you
First taken, and then match't *Barsene*, yet,
To be your *Queene*, thus, had not beene a *Wedding*,
But a *Captivity*; And to be forc'd
Unto your bed with shackles on, is not
To be your *Princesse*, but your *slave*. But first
To take her prisoner, And, (For ought I know)
To use your power of Conquest on her, And
To make her first unworthy of your *Nuptials*,
And then despise her, for one more entire,
More free, and more untoucht. (For your new *Loves*
Made to *Hippolyta*, and her *sister Prince*,
Have not beene so disguis', like you the *Lover*,
As to escape my knowledge) is such a wrong,
(Besides my other Interest of having
My *Queene* kept from me) as I stand here to punish;
Or else to adde my fall unto my sufferings.

Eurym: Have you, Sir, finisht your Oration? *Arch*: This
Onely remaines. To save th'expence of blood,
Which may be shed on both sides, since the *Quarrell*
Is purely ours, Let's not engage our *Armies*
But here conclude the warre, The *injur'd* with
The *Injurer*, in one faire, single *Combate*.

Theag: Sir, we've a Cause going too; And have two *Ladies*
Who well might thinke us two Indifferent *Cowards*,
And very cold in their Revenge, should we
Stand peaceable Spectatours, whilest you fight.

Mel: We do beseech you, Sir, Let us joine our
Poore Interest with yours; And since the number,
And quality of the *Combatants* is equall,
T'expresse the like sense of our wrongs, let it
Be Three to Three. *Clyt*: We do accept the challenge;
And will maintaine, your *Ladies* are our *Prisoners*,

More Nobly then they were at first your *Wives*;
And that we tooke them farre more honourably
Then you first married 'em. *Eurym:* Pray stay a little.
To shew *Archidamus*, (For I will not,
Although I justly might, call you false *Prince*,
Being guilty of those Accusations, which
You sticke on me) that we bring equall causes,
As well as equall Valours, to defend them,
Since you observ'd a *Method* in your *Wrongs*,
And those suspicions onely, and imaginary,
I'le use one in my *Answers*? 'Tis confest
I did use Art to gaine by plot what was
By plot taken from me, *Roxane*, my best sister.
And if in her surprize I did recover
But what you first stole, and redeem'd my Losse
With some inforcement, this deserves the name
Of a *Retrive* not of a *Pyracy*.
Next that I tooke your *Sister* with my owne,
'Twas part of my *Affection* to her; *Love*
Prompted me to the Action; which doth not
Cease to be *Love*, because it once put on
The shape of *Force*; And that force but made use of,
To let her know that he who tooke her was
The greater prisoner, and was first surpriz'd.
How I have us'd her since, the Gods, and she,
Her owne *Historian*, when you see her next
Will witnesse for me. Lastly, I refus'd
By you, (I will not say by her, for her
Consent takes flame from yours) I've beene a *Suitor*,
Where I've beene freely heard, and entertained,
Ask't and prevail'd, For you to claime a Soveraignty,
Over th'Affections of *Hippolyta*,
Or her faire *Sister*, or call me *Theefe*, or treacherous,
Because I've added nights to my disguises,
That my Accesses to them might be more
Secure, More undisturb'd, is such a Wrong
To me and them; That in their Absence, I
Stand here to make good with my sword, my *Realths*,

Have

Have beene more noble then your open *Visits.*
And that I am more Constant to *Barsene*
In the new purchase of their *Loves,* Then you
Are to *Roxane* in refusing them.
Now, Sir, I am prepar'd to meet your stroakes. (ceive,
Clyt: Your Challenge holds too? *Theag:* Yes; you shall per-
You fight not now with *Women. Hipp:* We see y'are *Men,*
And you shall finde us such. *Mel:* 'Tis nobly promis'd.

SCÆNA. VII.

As they prepare to fight enter to them, Their faces undis-colour'd, and to be knowne, Roxane, who takes hold of Archidamus, Barsene of Eurymedon.

Rox: Hold as y'are *Princes*; And respect the Cries,
Of your owne *Ladies,* who in your wounds bleed.
And, if you fall must here expire with you;
Since neither of you can fall singly, and
We not be slaine too. *Bar:* Great *Archidamus,*—
My royall Lord *Eurymedon,*—(For now
I dare professe you) what meane you to contract,
And thus remove the *Warre* into a *Duell?*
O sheath your swords; See your *Barsene* begs.
Rox: Once more heare your *Roxane, Sir*; And here
Cast downe your weapon. Or if we be the cause
Of this your strife, be reconcil'd by turning
Your swords on us. See here two *Sacrifices*
Ready to buy your peace with their owne slaughters.
Arch: How's this? *Roxane* and *Barsene?* Sure
My eyes are not themselves; Or else my Joyes
Make me take *Visions* for *Realities.*
Theag: Beleeve us, *Sir,* These are no 'empty *shades*
Which will appeare and vanish. *Mel:* These have bodies,
Compos'd of *Flesh* and *Bloud.* *Eur:* Now, *Sir,* you see,
If you'l proceed ith'Combate, I want not
A noble cause to fight for. If you'l now
Call my surprize of these a pyracy,

Or

Or my ſtolne viſits ſince made to their Tents
A Treaſon, in which theſe went *Conſpiratours*,
I hope you'l think't a *Treaſon*, in which I
Had onely this one honourable aime,
To render my ſelfe worthy to be owned
by this faire *Princeſſe*; and to betray you to
A league and freindſhip with me by th'Exchange
Of *Queenes* and *Siſters*. *Arch*: Is this true? *Rox*: Our plot
Was in theſe borrowed ſhapes onely to try
How you would beare our Loſſe; Or whither we
Might tempt you from your *Conſtancy*. Which, Sir,
Hath beene ſo firme, ſo ſettled, ſo unſhaken,
So much beyond her Merits who made tryall,
That I'me now twice yours; And the ſecond time { *Takes her in*
Here caſt my ſelf into your *armes*. *Arc*. Y'are here, { *his Armes.*
Once more my bright *ſtarre* fixt in your owne *ſphere*.
Bar: Then, for you, Great *Eurymedon*, To leave
Your *Kingdome* for the ſight, and ſpectacle
Of one, whoſe *Beauty* can at moſt aſpire
But to be ſeene, and pardon'd; After that,
To turne that which at firſt ſhew'd boiſterous force,
Into a generous *Courtſhip*; And to change
That which I firſt tooke for a rude ſurprize,
Into the nobleſt way of *Love*; And there
To be a *Suplicant*, and to ſpend ſighes,
Prayers, and Petitions, where you might command
Affection as your *Conqueſt*, Addes ſo pure,
So cleare, ſo bright a Luſter to your *flame*,
And calls forth ſuch a juſt, and vertuous *heate*
From me, to meet with yours, that from the time
You did releaſe, I became your *Captive*;
And you gain'd this by ſetting of me free,
Onely to change one *Thraldome* for another;
And from that time to make me weare your Fetters,
And to be wholly *yours*. *Eur*: If theſe be *Fetters*,
I ſhall for ever wiſh to be your priſon; { *Takes her in*
And thus to hold you chain'd. I hope, Sir, you { *his Armes.*
Will not unlinke us now. *Arch* Such a Seperation

Were

Were such a sinne, as would be punisht with
The Anger of the *Gods*; And would deserve
To have another added to it; And I
Be once more in the number of the Divorc'd.
To make the knot more firme, here, Sir, In signe
Y'have had two conquests of me, I lay downe
My selfe, and Weapon at your feet. *Eur.* And I
First Conquer'd by your *Sister*, next, your *selfe*,
Make this confession of it. *Theag*: My Lords [*They lay down*
You see the Warres are ended; If't please you [*their Swords*
Let us put up our swords. *Clyt*: We'l shew the way, Sir.
Arch: Next since there's nothing wanting to Combine us,
In one strickt *Union*, but the *Priest*, and *Temple*,
Please you, we will to th' *Altar*, and there first.
Conclude a lasting *peace*, And then our *Nuptials*. *Exeunt.*
Eurym: Lead on; I follow you. *Theag*: I mar'le, my Lord,
Our *Amazons* appeare not, with their Brace
Of *Posset-makers*. *Mel*: They are but shifting faces; [*Enter O-*
That they may laugh at us in their owne *shapes*. [*rith. Thal.*
See where they come. *Thea*: How's this? How's this? I'le pawn
My life another *Comœdy*; Let's stand,
And over-heare 'em. *Mel*: Looke how they shew in *Helmets*.

SCÆNA. VIII.

Enter Callias, Neander, Artops. Leading Orithya, Thalestris, Menalippe and Martheſia; with Helmets on, plumed as taken prisoners by them.

Call: Come, come along. Nay you shall know, most stout,
Most sterne *Bellona's*, what 'tis to be Traitours
Against a *State*, Was this your errand? This
Your faire pretence of having Children by us,
To betray those that should beget em? Now
We know how you o'ercome the *Scythians*;
You did invite them to your *Tents*, And there
Conquer'd the *Men* by *night*, by *day* their *Country*.
Neand. What could you see in us to think e us of

A feebler Fabricke, or not so well built,
Nor of such tough Chines as the *Thracians*, that
You should so itch to sell us to 'em, for
Nights Lodgings. And the transitory pleasure
Of keeping of you waking? *Orith*: To the wrong
You offer to our *Innocence*, and *Honours*,
Y'are scurrilous and that is one wrong more
Offer'd to our chaste eares. Your 'mouthes need *washing*;
Or rather *gelding*. We project to betray you?
Art: Why, I beseech you, Lady *Telamon*,
If I should aske you. And this Lady *Ajax*,
Together with your two *Sarpedons* here,
Was't not contriv'd you in our absence should
Seize on our *Magazine*? Then crested thus
In your bright *Helmets*, (To which nothing lackes
But a sheild with a *Gorgons* Head, to turne
Vs into a *stone*, and Conquer us with ill *lookes*,)
That you should sally forth upon us; And
Then joine, almost had said couple, with
The *Enemy*? You will deny this? *Thal*: Yes,
And having had experience of your *Valours*,
Dare here maintaine the contrary with our swords,
Two *Women* 'gainst three *Men*, without our *seconds*.
We seize upon your *Magazine*? *Call*: so you'l
Deny you did receive us at your *Tabernacle*,
Your amorous *pavilion*; And that these two
Sweet *Cymball-beaters*, otherwise call'd *Drummers*,
Did strike a false *Alarme*? *Neand*: Or that you hir'd
Three Meager-halfe-pin'd-Rascals, having first
Depriv'd us of our eyes, To lead us thrice
Round 'bout the Workes, to lengthen out our progresse
Towards the Enemies Campe; And there to be
Arraign'd before a *Councell*, which consisted
Of two she *Collonels*, two she *Clerks* of
Your *Comfits*, and *Suckets*; two young Lords; who no doubt
Enjoyed all that we came for. *Orith*: 'Tis confest, Sir.
Had you enjoyed us, our *Children* onely had
Beene valiant by the *Mothers* side. *Art*: We'l have

Our

Our *Councell* too; where we expect you shall
Confesse your Treason too, Against the *King*.
March on before there. *Theag*: Pray stay Gentlemen;
Where do you lead these *Ladies*, thus three deepe
In *File*, without a *Drumme*? You are not going
To teach 'em *postures*, are you? Or make a *Muster*
Of *foure* commanded by *three*? *Mel*: If you meane
To lead 'em 'gainst the *Enemy*, to show
Your *Fortitudes* before 'em, once more; surely
The Warres are ended. *Call*: Sir, we are leading 'em
To th'King; we have discover'd a foule *Treason*. (*plotters*
Theag: How? *Neand*: Yes, Sir, such a *Treason*, and these the
As does shew *Women* make but th'other *Twinne*
With *Mischeife*; And that *Falsehood*, when it would
Betray men, still assumes their *shape*. *Art*: These Sir,
Who can lodge *Serpents* 'mongst their *Roses*, and
Smile o're their *Treacheries*, But that we did
Timely prevent 'em, would have put the Campe
Into a *Mutiny*. We did take these
Two *Lady-Rhetoricks* mounting heapes of *Turfe*,
Provided to make speeches to the *Souldiers*;
T'inflame them to *Rebellion*. *Mel*: 'Tis not possible.
Neand: Yes, Sir, And these two *Yeomen* of the *Gally pots*,
Were imploy'd, as we heare, to offer the
Free use both of *Themselves*, and *Ladies*, to
All those who with them would forsake our side, (longer.
And turne to th' *Thracians*. *Orith*: Wee will endure't no
These iron Veyles cast off, thus we confute you. {*They take off their helmets*
Call: How's this? *Orithya* and *Thalestris*! with
Their Women *Menalippe* and *Martheſia*? (*wormes*.
Art: *Amazon-fighters* turn'd to our owne Court *peace*-
And my two *Troilus's* transfor'd to *Knitsters*?
Theag: They are our *Wives*. Was ever such a plot
Laid by two *Women* to keepe their *Husbands* honest?
Mel: They've turn'd what I thought *Fornication*
Into the acts of *Wedlocke*. How I love
Such projects, where men are betray'd unto
Their lawfull pleasure, and tempted to commit

Adultery with Innocence, and no sinne follow?
Thal: Pray view us well; And now our paintings off,
(As you once pleasantly did stile us) pray,
Officious *Gentlemen*; what other plot
Can you discerne in us, but to laugh at you?
Neand: This comes of *policy*; Our *wisdomes* have
Made us three sage, discreet, deepe, most rare *Coxcombes*.
Men: Ha, ha, ha; Sure they did expect the *King*
Should Knight 'em for their rare Discovery. *Mar*: Or
Preferre 'em to the *Councell Board*, and make 'em
Spies Generall of the *State*. *Orith*: Troth, *Gentlemen*,
If you intend to scape *Playes*, and at your
Returne home to *Chalcedon*, not to see
Your Deeds brought on the *Stage*, take our advice;
Travell 'till this be over. *Thal*: And be sure,
You keepe your selves from *Duels*; Least your *Country*
Do suffer in your *Valours*. *Theag*: You see there is
No medling with these *Women*; I'le undertake,
They can change shapes, as often as shift Linen.
The *Booke* of *Transformations*, which reports
Of *Women* turn'd to *Baytrees*, and of *Men*
Turn'd into *Women*, hath not more *various formes*,
Then these can practice. *Mel*: Alas 'tis not your case
To be deceived. They did deceive us too.
Orith: We have two constant *Lords* of you. So't had been
Had we been *Amazons* in earnest. *Theag*. you are
The Two first *Ladies* that ere made their *Husbands*
Cuckold themselves with their owne *Wives*. *Thal*. By this
Good light 'twould be but justice now to put
A *Courtstricke* on you. (*Mel*. Alas *Thalestris*, I
Discern'd you by your *brests*. *Th*. Be sure you lay } *Enter Arch.*
With your own *Wife*. *Mel*. Look, Gentlemen, } *Eurym. &c.*
D'you know these *Shapes*? Here comes the second part
Oth' *Metamorphosis*.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA IX.

Enter two Priests carrying two hallowed Torches; Followed by Archidamus leading Roxane, and Eurymedon leading Barsene waited on by Clytus and Hippocles.

Arch: ——Thus having made
Our *Realmes* one *people*, by the *League* and *Knot*
We've tyed before the *Gods*, you two proceed
In the last *Rites* of this our *Union*,
And sing the *Nuptiall Song*.

The second Song, sung by two Priests, holding two marriage Tapers.

(1)

Behold these hallowed Tapers; And here see,
What Wells, and Springs of fire they be.
How their two Lusters twining
Make mutuall shining.
Whilst one from th'other kindled, doth requite
Is borrowed, with as great a Light for Light,
And kindles backe againe.
And thus combining Rayes with Rayes,
And joining flames, like Marriage Dayes,
A holy Nuptiall 'twixt them do maintaine.

(2)

Yet these but the darke signes, and emblems be
Of those conceal'd fires, which none see
But Gods, and such whose eyes
Love Glorifies,
Betweene these brests a sacred flame doth spring,
Which intermingling Rites, whilst we do sing,
It to it selfe the Priest.
Whilst Heart with Heart, thus intermoved,

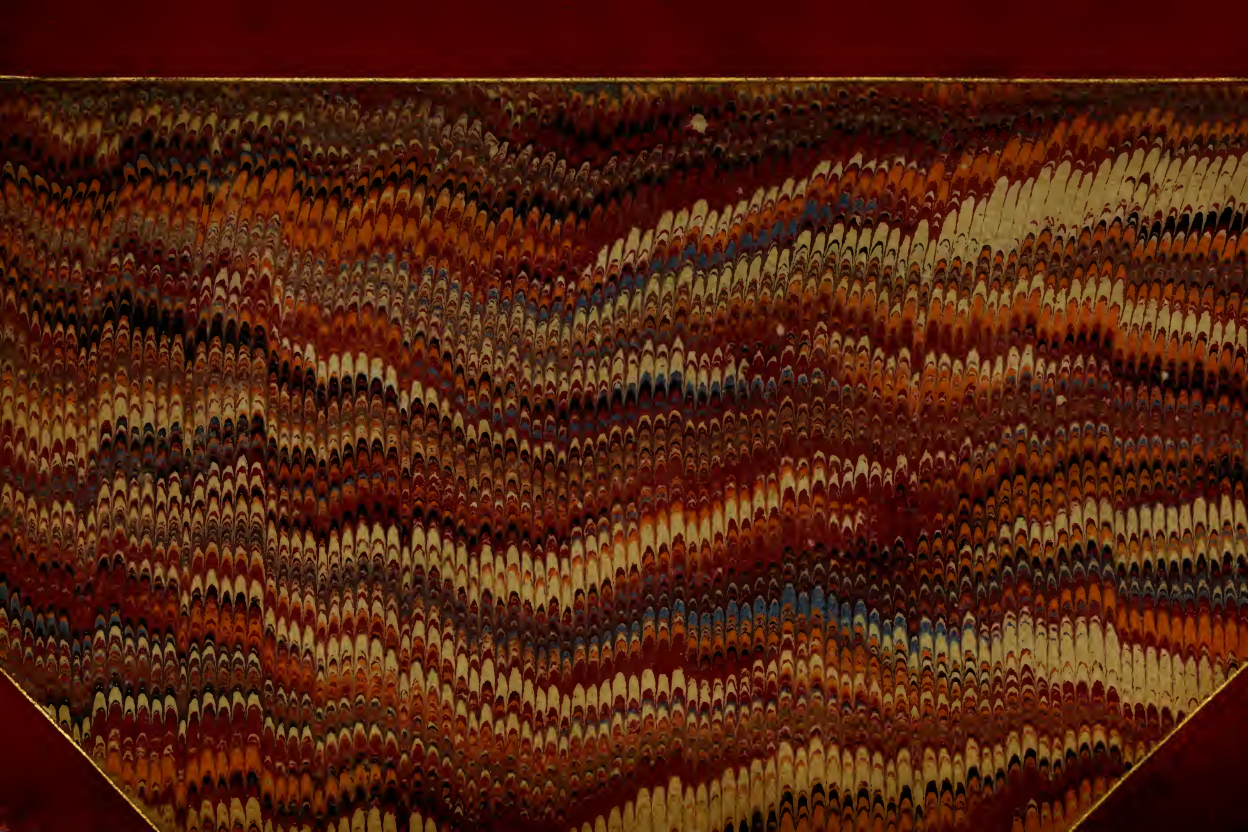
And paires made one, The Lov'd with Loved,
Themselves between themselves in Hymens twist,

The Song is seconded with a shout within.

——Harke, harke, what is
The meaning of this *shout* and *Acclamation?* *Enter Lync: Polyd:*

Lync: Sir, the two *Armies* hearing that their *Princes*
Have strucke a *Peace*, have first exchanged their *Armes*,
And next, in Imitation of your *Nuptialls*,
Which with this shout they celebrate, have cast
Themselves into new *postures* of *Imbraces*.

Polyd: Did you behold 'em, you'd beleeve there past
A mutuall wedding betweene *Troope* and *Troope*,
And *Regiment* and *Regiment*. They want
Onely one of your *Priests* here to performe
The holy Ceremony betweene 'em. To
Make it a perfect Day of *Hymenaals*.

Arch: And so't shall be. Nought now remaines, but that
We do adde *Triumphs* to our *Joyes*, and mingle,
Our *Feasts*, and *Dances* with our *Sacrifices*,
In thankfulnesse to th'*Gods*. Then *Princes* doe
Match truely, when their *Kingdomes* marry too.

FINIS.